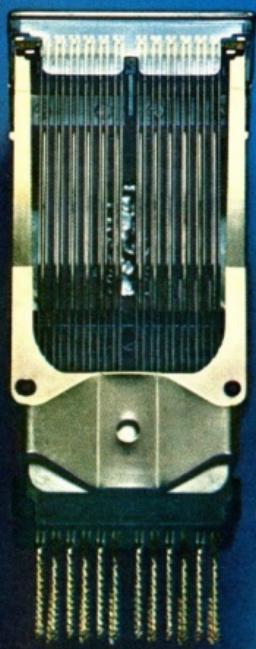


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Building this supersonic airliner — in many ways more akin to spacecraft than today's jetliners — will be a monumental challenge to America's aircraft industry.

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Extensive experience with supersonic

LOCKHEED
AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

aircraft (the 1500-mph F-104) and high-altitude aircraft (the famous U-2) provides Lockheed with invaluable background. So does Lockheed's long years of designing and building commercial airliners and military aircraft — more than 31,500 aircraft since 1932. But more important still is Lockheed's record of on-schedule delivery and cost-effectiveness as prime contractor and system manager of such major projects as the Navy's Polaris missile.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 25

TODAY (NBC, 7-9 a.m.) An all-musical program of 16th century works performed by the New York Pro Musica Renaissance Band.

NBC OPERA (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). All-new production of Gian Carlo Menotti's opera *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, an NBC Christmas staple since 1951. Color.

Thursday, December 26

KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATER (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A professional gambler teams up with a Texas millionaire in a scientific attempt to break the bank at a Las Vegas casino. Jack Kelly and Pat Hingle guest-star. Color.

Saturday, December 28

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5:30 p.m.). The Davis Cup tennis championship from Adelaide, Australia.

Sunday, December 29

CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 5:5-30 p.m.). Sky diving and parachuting from Fort Bragg, N.C.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-30 p.m.). The 1943 Allied invasion of Sicily.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). *Dumbo*, popular cartoon about the big-eared baby elephant who ends the jeers by learning to fly, Color.

PROJECTION 64 (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). NBC correspondents around the world review the events of 1963 and forecast those of 1964. Color.

Monday, December 30

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). *Kiss Me Kate*, starring Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel, Color.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A look at the social, economic and political life of the nation's movie capital.

EAST SIDE/WEST SIDE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Carol Rosser portrays a prostitute found out to care for her child in a repeat of this series' best episode.

Wednesday, January 1

YEARS OF CRISIS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). CBS correspondents survey the major news events of the past year.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFÉ. Brawny Colleen Dewhurst is matched with Michael Dunn, a prancing, saturnine dwarf, in Edward Albee's enigmatic adaptation of Carson McCullers' novella. The play retains some of the moody ambiguity of the original, but lacks more than a fragmentary stage life of its own.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, by Neil Simon. Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford break from a wedding march into a scrappy farago of newlywed problems. Director Mike Nichols paces the contest to leave the audience a few breaths between laughs.

THE PRIVATE EAR and **THE PUBLIC EYE** are two sharply observed but compassionate one-act comedies—about a bashful boy who finds that his chosen Venus is

* All times E.S.T.

just another dumb blonde, and a brash detective who chews macaroons and Brazil nuts and sweetly seasons a marriage that is stewing in acrid juices.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING resounds to marching boots at a peacetime R.A.F. training base, but what Playwright Wesker sets out to trample—with bright, biting argument and laughter—is the British class system.

THE REHEARSAL rehearses a young and innocent governess for the later cruelties of life. Playwright Anouilh orchestrates a seduction scene—the play's best—with brasses of bravado, violins of pity, and flutes of tenderness.

LUTHER. Playwright John Osborne looks back in anger at the people and practices that outraged Martin Luther. In the surging power of Albert Finney's portrayal, the playgoer senses the force that shaped the Reformation.

Off Broadway

THE ESTABLISHMENT. The Establishment company, a big group of anti-p.r. men, demolish sacrosanct images and egos with laughing precision, and gambol satirically on what is nearly In or almost Out.

CINEMA

HIGH AND LOW. Without a samurai in sight, Japanese Director Akira Kurosawa sets the screen crackling with excitement as his camera trails a vicious kidnaper through the Yokohama underworld.

CHARADE. This parlor prank can't decide whether to be a farce, a sophisticated comedy, or an out-and-out thriller. But Cary Grant is in top form, Audrey Hepburn is in gowns by Givenchy, and murderer most foul is in full color.

HALLELUJAH! THE HILLS. Up in Vermont, three madcap characters are put through their paces by Director Adolfo Mekas, an East Village cinemaniac who pokes fun at every moviemaker from D. W. Griffith to Antonioni.

THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY. Walt Disney's appealing package of holiday fauna contains a bull terrier, a Labrador retriever and a Siamese cat, all letting the fur fly on a 250-mile trek through the Canadian wilds.

NIGHT TIDE. Man against myth is the theme of Writer-Director Curtis Harrington's promising first feature, an eerie tale of a young U.S. sailor who nearly succumbs to the siren song of a Venice, Calif., mermaid.

BILLY LIAR. Another visit to a bleak industrial city somewhere in England. But Tom Courtenay is hilarious as a working-class Walter Mitty full of fanciful dreams, and Julie Christie as his beatnik girl friend is a bit of all right too.

KNIFE IN THE WATER. Polish Director Roman Polanski maintains a suspenseful pace, putting two men and one woman aboard a sailboat that appears to be mostly sex-driven.

THE CARDINAL. In Director Otto Preminger's hands, the 1950 bestseller about a poor priest from Boston who becomes a papal prince often seems fairly preposterous despite a smooth performance by Tom Tryon, a racy one by Romy Schneider, and a sensational one by Director-turned-Actor John Huston.

TOM JONES. The funniest movie in many a year. Henry Fielding's bawdy classic about vice in 18th century England has

been pinched and patted into shape by Director Tony Richardson, with able assistance from Stars Albert Finney and Hugh Griffith.

BOOKS

Best Reading

"WE NEVER MAKE MISTAKES," by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. The author of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch* is the best of the new Russian novelists who have won recognition in the post-Stalin "thaw." These are two short novels about fringe members of Soviet society: the man who still believes in *Das Kapital* and the poor old peasant woman who has endured both czars and commissars.

A SINGULAR MAN, by J. P. Donleavy. The author again mines the stuff that dreams are made of: this one about the richest, handsomest, most irresistible American—who is, of course, also an accomplished necrophiliac with great taste in tombs.

THE HAT ON THE BED, by John O'Hara. A literary wonder: the author's fourth collection of short stories in as many years, and they are excellent.

THE ELEPHANT, by Slawomir Mrozek. A lion refuses to eat Christians, a Polish matron keeps a live revolutionary caged in her living room, civil servants begin to fly like eagles over Warsaw in the fantasy world of a brilliant young Polish satirist.

THE WOLVES OF WILLOUGHBY CHASE, by Joan Aiken. Children may have to wait until their parents finish reading this sly and delightful melodrama in which ravening wolves are the least of the Victorian villains that beset the two young heroines.

DOROTHY AND RED, by Vincent Sheean. Dorothy Thompson dreamed of an ideal "creative marriage" and tried to find it with Novelist Sinclair Lewis. Vincent Sheean watched the dream turn to nightmare; his comments on Dorothy's letters and diaries help explain how it happened.

THE FABULOUS LIFE OF DIEGO RIVERA, by Bertram Wolfe. Rivera confounded capitalists and Communists alike with his preposterous stories and visionary murals, but Biographer Wolfe wisely takes the artist's exuberant imagination as the surest cue to the man and his work.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **The Group**, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. **The Shoes of the Fisherman**, West (2)
3. **The Venetian Affair**, MacInnes (3)
4. **The Three Sirens**, Wallace (6)
5. **The Living Reed**, Buck (5)
6. **The Bottle of the Villa Fiorita**, Godden (7)
7. **On Her Majesty's Secret Service**, Fleming (8)
8. **Coravon**, Michener (4)
9. **The Hat on the Bed**, O'Hara (9)
10. **Our Lady of the Flowers**, Genet

NONFICTION

1. **The American Way of Death**, Mitford (1)
2. **Mandate for Change**, Eisenhower (2)
3. **Ronal**, North (3)
4. **J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth**, Lasky
5. **Confessions of an Advertising Man**, Ogilvy (4)
6. **My Darling Clementine**, Fishman (6)
7. **I Own Russia \$1,200, Hope (8)**
8. **The Education of American Teachers**, Conant
9. **Dorothy and Red**, Sheean (5)
10. **The Pooh Perplex**, Crews



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Rain, 12 in all



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1034. Electrifying

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West Side Story

El Cid

Various Artists



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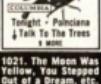
Like Lee, Like Bob - 2 more

COLONNA

1167. Also: Diamond

Head, Magnificent

Seven, 12 in all



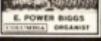
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ROBERT
GOULET**

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& Talk To The Trees

& more



1219. Also: Golden

Bells, Louisiana Lou,

Fire, etc.

COLONNA

1025. The Moon Was

Yellow, You Stepped

Out of a Dream, etc.

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1076. A thundering

disagreement of organ

and orchestra

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1025. "Probably his

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Ed Sullivan

1115. 'Elsie' Tides, The

Teasees and I, Sleepy

Lagoon, 12 in all

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and an

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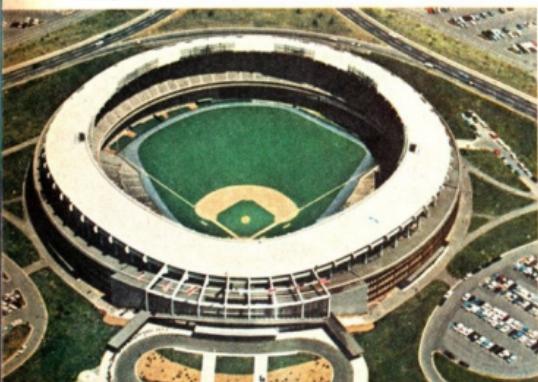


Church in California

Washington, D.C. Stadium



Rooftop Restaurant in Hawaii

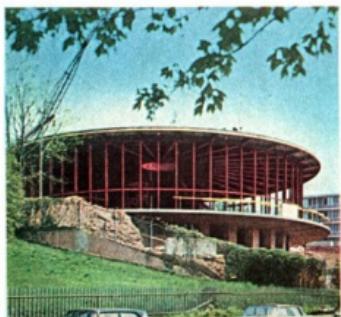


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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: The people nominated so far have all affected history in one way or another. Yet the people I cast my vote for have received comparatively little coverage in magazines or newspapers. They have, however, exercised a right that Americans of long ago fought for, and that many more Americans of today shun. It is the right to vote, and the people I nominate are the Venezuelans who defied death to vote two weeks ago. These people braved pro-Communist terrorism just to vote, when a little sprinkle is enough to make most of us stay home.

BILL CLINKENBEARD

St. Joseph, Mo.

Sir: For ten years you and I have disagreed as to who is the Man of the Year. Surely this year we can concur in the choice of John Fitzgerald Kennedy!

MURRAY BECKERMAN

Rochester

Sir: The American investors. They refused to panic at the tragic death of President Kennedy and thereby averted a possible worldwide crash.

JOHN A. WRIGHT

East Setaket, N.Y.

Sir: Mr. Pierre Salinger—a man who, lost and forgotten in the turmoil in the aftermath of the tragic assassination, was perhaps closer to Mr. Kennedy than was any other of the late President's group of immediate political partners.

CLAUDIA MCCLURE

Baltimore

Sir: Rep. H. R. Gross, who, amid all the hysteria and the breast-beating, had the moral courage to ask his cohorts in the House of Representatives who was going to pay the tab for the eternal flame in Arlington.

JAMES H. JONES

Forest Park, Ga.

Sir: I select the "Hatemonger." He should be shown as a young man with two rifles under his arm (Oswald's and Beckwith's), copies of *Das Kapital* and *Mein Kampf* in the other hand, and a police dog at his side. This would cover the hate from Southeast Asia to South Africa to Alabama.

AL MILLER

St. Louis

Sir: Senator Barry Goldwater. Once so close but now so far away.

RICHARD E. MALONE

Suffern, N.Y.

Sir: The U.S. taxpayer! Who else? As his numbers decrease, his load increases. With so many of our people living off him—local, state and federal governments, their employees, service personnel, defense project employees, armed services, and useless navy yard personnel—who could object?

JAMES B. McCULLOUGH JR.

Philadelphia

Sir: I nominate the people who have had the most significant impact on current events and attitudes. They can be no other than the four girls who were killed by the Birmingham church bombers.

TRENT MILLER

St. Louis

Sir: I think that the person who changed the world most was Christine Keeler. She is my nomination for the worst Woman of the Year. She brought the eyes of the world upon England in the famous Profumo scandal. This has given the world an impression about Great Britain—and this impression is not the best!

SHIRLEY CARSON

Havre de Grace, Md.

Sir: 1963 will be remembered as the year the President of the U.S. was assassinated. But 1963 will also be remembered as the year of the Negroes' revolt. A profound change in attitude toward racial matters can be felt all over the land.

The man who triggered this change: Dr. Martin Luther King.

JOHN SIMONS JR.

Los Angeles

Sir: Linus Pauling—for his extremely courageous and successful efforts toward peace and for his decision to conduct a war against disease and suffering.

GEORGE FLICK

Cleveland

Sir: The one event of 1963 that seems to offer possibilities of durable hope for all mankind is the achievement of a nuclear test ban treaty. Who deserves better our recognition than he whose tireless and tenacious pursuit of such an end made this epochal agreement possible? Man of the Year—Harold Macmillan.

ROGER C. MORRIS

Montpellier, France

Sir: *Der Alte*, Konrad Adenauer.

RAYMOND C. ANDERSON

Fanwood, N.J.

Sir: Based on our extensive editorial experience and astute journalistic judgment, the Trinity Lower School newspaper hereby nominates its candidate: French President Charles de Gaulle.

LEIGH RANDALL SMITH

Trinity Tabloid
New York City

Sir: Thruston Morton—his Senate speech [Dec. 6] defending the integrity of our country contrasted sharply with President Johnson's appeal for Americans "to put an end to the teaching and preaching of hate and evil and violence." Morton rightly contends the assassin's "mind had been warped by an alien violence, not by a native condition."

(MRS.) JANET FISCHER

Metairie, La.

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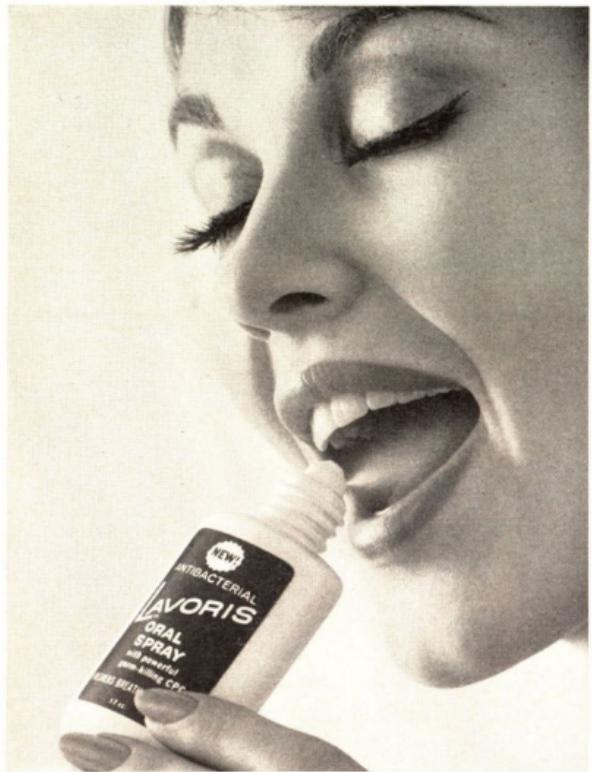
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ment is that pollen grains become petrified with time, as the remains of a fossilized plant or animal, and so are preserved as stone. One of the wonders of biology is that the exterior surface of most types of pollen grains is amazingly resistant to chemical action. For millions of years, pollen which has avoided destruction by becoming buried retains its original organic structure. Palynologists speak of fossil pollen in distinction to modern pollen. Your Science editor has tripped on a neat bit of jargon by substituting fossilized, meaning petrified, for fossil, meaning old.

JAMES SCHOENWETTER
Museum of New Mexico
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

► Our Webster's says "fossilized" means "converted into a fossil," which is "any trace of an animal or plant preserved in the earth's crust." —Ed.

Three for the Hunt

Sir: Granted hats make news—but shouldn't your Dec. 13 World and People sections have gotten together? Or don't Pepsi-Cola and Vodka mix?

F. BLAKEMORE

Tokyo



► Reader Blakemore graciously introduced People's (and Pepsi's) Joan Crawford to World's Khrushchev and Kekkonen with the help of scissors, paste and imagination. See cut.—Ed.

Ancient Automation

Sir: As a wife and mother, I'm thrilled with "easy on, easy off" bread wrappers, ecstatic over the tornado in my liquid cleaner and speechless every time the giant jumps out of my washer!

But the Pet Milk Company's "all but automatic" feeding of baby I receive with a toss of my head. We mothers have the automatic line all sewed up and there's no Rip, Gurgle or Plop involved—just Sit, Cuddle, Nuzzle and Sigh with satisfaction. We call it Nursing.

(MRS.) MARY E. VALENTINE
New Hartford, N.Y.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER



HENRIETTE WYETH HURD

PORTRAIT IN PROGRESS



N.Y. DAILY NEWS

In the spirit of Christmas, we turn aside from the demands of the cold war, the urgencies of politics and the necessity of economics, to devote our cover story to an American artist, whose concern is nature and beauty. Andrew Wyeth is a painter's son, and his sister Henriette, a painter too, is married to Artist Peter Hurd.

Both Wyeth and Hurd have themselves painted covers for TIME: Wyeth did President Eisenhower in 1959; Hurd's most recent was Barry Goldwater in 1961. Now a third member of the family joins our roster of cover artists. This week's cover is the work of Mrs. Hurd and is the seventh portrait she has done of her brother. She painted him in the granary at his home in Chadds Ford, Pa., as he stared through the windows at the familiar bare trees outside. "I wanted him looking at that severe landscape," she says. "If you get him looking at you, you get his warmth and charm. But I wanted to get the painter looking at something he paints, the almost pained look on his face, the search of what the truth is about—that good tough look of his."

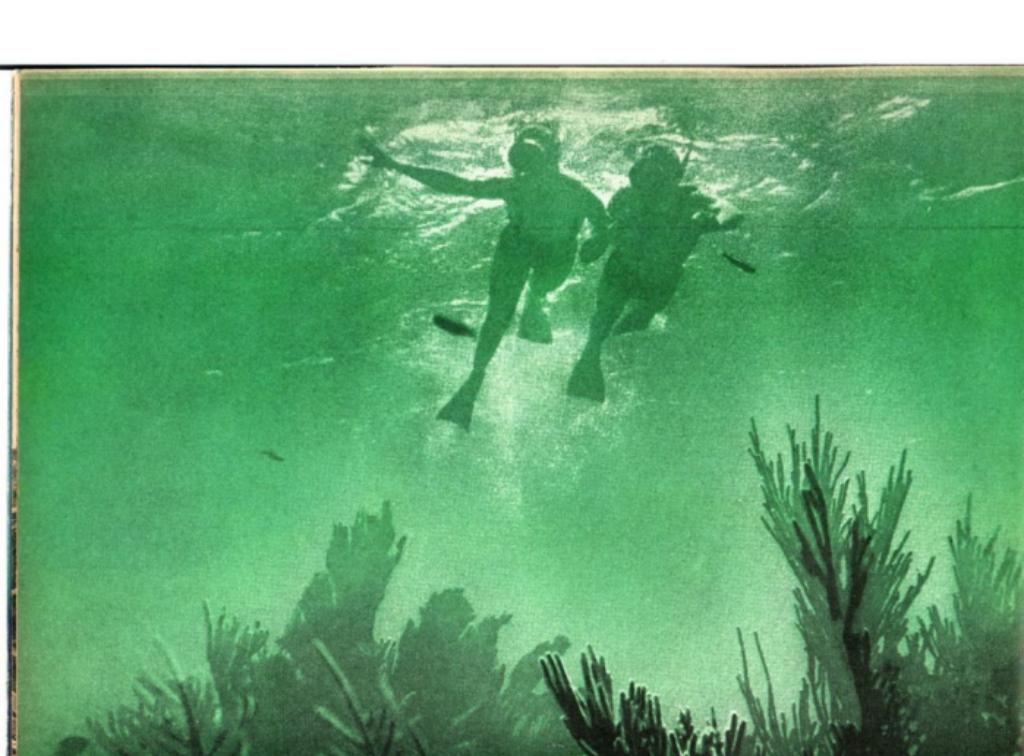
Along with the cover story, is a four-page color section of Wyeth's paintings. And along with that and all the other stories in this issue, all of us here at TIME want to wish all of you a Merry Christmas.

Bernard M. Auer

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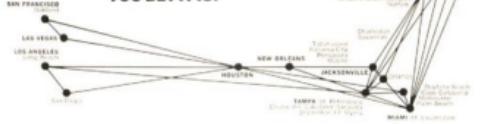


Borrow a skin-diving outfit and pick sea shells off the bottom of the ocean. See what's up at Cape Canaveral. Eat an orange. Go birdwatching in the Everglades. See the trained porpoises and the pretty girls. Win a couple of amateur golf tournaments. Or just dig into the warm sand and snooze.

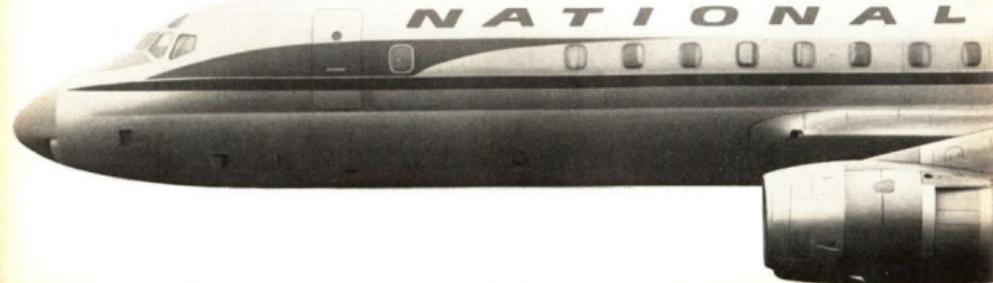
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 27, 1963 Vol. 82 No. 26

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

The Aim of Activity

In the art of person-to-person politicking, Lyndon Johnson has few peers. And he is certainly applying his skills to his presidency.

For example, the President invited 14 foreign correspondents to the White House for a snack, some drinks and conversation. The scene was the second-floor living room, generally considered to be part of the President's private quarters; flames crackled in the fireplace, cheese dips and hot hors d'oeuvres were served, and a small bar had been set up at one end of the room. After about an hour, the President conducted a tour that included his own bedroom, where mauve-brown pajamas were neatly laid out on the turned-down covers.

"*My Number One . . .*" In that same friendly, seemingly impromptu fashion, Johnson took visiting Evangelist Billy Graham for a dip in the White House pool, packed *Air Force One* with Senators and Representatives of both parties to accompany him to New York for a speech to the United Nations, called a drop-of-the-hat press conference with a format that seemed to suit his style perfectly (*see THE PRESS*).

Although it lasted the usual 30 minutes, the news conference had a leisurely quality that apparently is impossible to achieve on national television.

What was Johnson's attitude toward meeting soon with Nikita Khrushchev? "I am ready and willing to meet with any of the world leaders at any time there is any indication a meeting would be fruitful and productive."

Would his first budget be under \$100 billion or over? Well, he really couldn't tell yet. He had inherited a \$98.8 billion budget from President Kennedy, and there were lots of new, unavoidable cost increases. "But we are going to keep that increase the lowest possible level, first, because we believe in frugality and thrift, and second, because we hope that we won't send to Congress a budget that will require severe and drastic reductions by the Congress. We think that they are overworked now, and we don't want to add to it."

Would he propose any new programs that would add to the budget? "There will be new programs. We are not going

to stand still in this country; we are going to move ahead . . . We do expect never to just be content to sit in our rocking chair and enjoy the status quo."

How about the cold war? "My number one priority, my number one goal, my number one objective, my number one ambition is to try to provide the leadership for my country with vision, tolerance, patience and strength that will convince the rest of the world that we court no territory, we seek no satellites, that we are trying to live in peace and prosperity, and we would like for our fellow men everywhere to be able to do the same thing."

What were his Christmas plans? "If God is willing and Mrs. Johnson is willing, I plan to fly to my home [in Texas]. I hope to spend Christmas Eve with my sisters, my brother, my uncles, cousins, aunts and my family. Immediately after Christmas, I am going to relax a little. I might even—I don't want to keep my secrets from you people—I might even go hunting. I haven't had a chance to do

that this year, and I would like to go and spend a day out in the hills, communing with myself."

"*For All, and Above All.*" But if Lyndon Johnson's talents for the informal occasion are, and have long been, widely recognized, there remained some doubts about how effective he would be as spokesman for the U.S. in formal addresses before international forums. He set some of those doubts to rest in his United Nations speech.

The death of President Kennedy, said Johnson, "did not alter his nation's purpose." He continued: "We are more than ever opposed to the doctrines of hate and violence—in our own land and around the world. We are more than ever committed to the rule of law—in our own land and around the world. And more than ever we support the United Nations, as the best instrument yet devised to promote the peace of the world and the well-being of mankind." The U.S., concluded Johnson,

GORDON CONVERSE, CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR—SP



LYNDON JOHNSON WITH GUESTS IN WHITE HOUSE FAMILY LIVING ROOM
And also into the President's bedroom.



THE TWO-AT-A-TIME GRIP



WRIST-WRAP



DOUBLE-CLUTCH



PATTY-CAKE



NEAR REACH



UP AND UNDER

An experienced hand.

"wants sanity, security and peace for all, and above all."

The U.N. delegates warmly applauded Johnson, recognizing his address for precisely what it was—a sincere, low-keyed reawakening of U.S. dedication to the cause of peace, without any headline-catching promises of bold new breakthroughs. And afterward, at reception, Johnson wowed the delegates with a virtuoso display of his handshaking techniques. Those techniques are really a modern marvel—Lyndon is equally adept at shaking two people's hands at the same time, or shaking one person's hand with both of his, or shaking a hand while patting an elbow or a shoulder, or using the handshake to hurry someone past him in the reception line. After viewing the performance on television, New York Times TV Critic Jack Gould quipped: "The President can only be described as the Y.A. Tittle of handshakers; he does not let go until the last moment."

By such personal diplomacy, by the content of his public addresses, by the force of his energies, President Johnson in his first month in office has dispelled some of the doubts that existed about him when he took over. But the aim of activity must be accomplishment, and in this area, the returns are still out. Yet if there was one thing that marked Johnson's career as a Senate leader, it was accomplishment.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Man for the Job

It seemed hardly the thing for one Texan to do to another. But President Johnson went right ahead and handed to Thomas C. Mann, U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, what has come to be considered the most miserable job in Washington: Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. Yet in choosing Mann, 51, Johnson did what most previous Presidents only talked about—he provided the power and backing needed if things are to get done.

Said the President: "Because I want Mr. Mann to be the one man in the Government to coordinate the policies of this hemisphere after consultation with the Secretary of State, I am going to make him not only the Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin Amer-

ican affairs, but Special Assistant to the President . . . We expect to speak with one voice on all matters affecting this hemisphere. Mr. Mann, with the support of the Secretary of State and the President, will be that voice."

Weight of Numbers. The words were among the most sensible any U.S. President has uttered about Latin America since Herbert Hoover proposed the Good Neighbor policy in 1928.* Now, Inter-American Assistant Secretaries—including Mann himself in 1960-61—have been little more than a long, grey line of well-meaning but frustrated fellows. President Kennedy tried to solve the problem by sheer weight of numbers. In no particular order, and often simultaneously, he divided Latin American responsibility among the likes of old Roosevelt Brain-Truster Adolf A. Berle, Speechwriter Richard Goodwin (who coined the term *Alliance for Progress*), Mann's first-tour successor as Assistant Secretary, Robert Woodward, Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Brother Bobby, *Alianza* Coordinator Teodoro Moscoso, Woodward's suc-

* Although Franklin Roosevelt is usually given the credit and did indeed put it into practice, Hoover introduced the policy and the phrase during a pre-inaugural tour of Latin America.

sor Edwin M. Martin, and White House Aide Ralph Dungan. Confused, and with their flanks often turned by ex-officio Kennedy advisers, key State Department Latin America experts left in droves. It got so bad that, at the end, Kennedy had ordered a thorough re-evaluation of policy and policymaking. Johnson carried on the re-evaluation, intensified it, and acted by putting Mann in charge.

The Awakening. There was no discernible disagreement with Johnson's decision, largely because Mann, in the course of a long career, has built a record of arriving early at right decisions. Born and raised in Laredo, a border town with a population 85% Mexican, Mann grew up bilingual and unbogged; as halfback on Laredo High's unbeaten 1927 football team, he called signals in both English and Spanish. Giving up practice as what he calls "a Texas country lawyer" in 1943, he joined the State Department, serving over the years mostly in Latin American posts (Venezuela, Guatemala, El Salvador) or dealing with Latin American affairs in Washington. The jobs took a personal toll: in 1947, when he was Second Secretary in Caracas, Venezuela, his first son swallowed some gaily colored fireworks, thinking they were candy, and died of phosphorous poisoning. In Mexico City Mann suffered from chronic altitude sickness.

Mann came into his own after Vice President Nixon was stoned and spat upon in Caracas and Castro rose to power in Cuba in 1958. He was then serving as Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, and he took a leading role in the U.S. analysis of what was going wrong in Latin America. There was no doubt in Mann's mind; economically, Latin America was still a continent of a few thousand haves and millions of have-nots living under the remnants of a feudal system inherited from Spain and Portugal. After World War II, however, Latin America's masses had started waking up to the fact that there was a better life to be had than hunger, disease, poverty and ignorance.

Mann battled to protect such Latin American exports as copper, lead and zinc to the U.S. Between 1958 and 1960, he almost singlehanded brought



THOMAS MANN
One voice in two languages.

the U.S. into a worldwide marketing agreement designed to end wild fluctuations in coffee prices. When President Eisenhower and then Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon got to work on the complicated hemisphere-wide development plan that later became the Alliance for Progress, Mann was a principal adviser.

He kept up the fight as Ike went out and J.F.K. came in, exhausting himself with 70-hour work weeks despite the fact that the White House in group was making all the big decisions—like the Bay of Pigs. After the Cuban invasion, Mann requested and was finally permitted to go off to the relative quiet of the U.S. embassy in Mexico City.

Mere Hoping Can Hurt. Back in Washington, even with the increased authority provided by Johnson, Mann will find his new job a man killer. To succeed, time, money and genius are needed—and none of them are plentiful. Through Fidel Castro, the Communists are actively pushing violent revolution designed to grab half a dozen Latin American nations before Western-style democracy, fed by development, can take root. It is increasingly obvious that a policy of coexisting with Castro, while merely hoping that the governments he threatens will be strong enough to resist, hurts rather than helps. Thus, U.S. policy toward Cuba is a major part of the re-evaluation study that President Johnson has ordered.

As for the Alliance for Progress, so far it has been more a slogan than a policy. The nations and governments of Latin America are vastly disparate, yet many still seem all too ready to consider the *Alianza* an excuse to sit back and let the U.S. foot the bill for their own shortcomings. In fact, in those Latin American nations where U.S. policy has been successful, it has been due as much to capable on-the-scene ambassadors as to the Washington-directed programs and policymakers.

It will be up to Mann to give some sort of cohesion to U.S. relationships with Latin America, and if the task is formidable, the rewards could be beyond calculation.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Getting Over the Tourist Feeling

As Lady Bird Johnson would put it, she has been "busier than a man with one hoe and two rattlesnakes."

As First Lady, she gets 600 letters a day, answers some 300, and insists on signing each reply herself. She has taken over some of Jackie Kennedy's commitments, such as visiting hospital children's wards or arranging a White House ballet performance for 150 underprivileged kids. Making endless lists and dozens of phone calls, she supervised White House Christmas preparations, helped arrange a score of working suppers so Lyndon could meet quietly with Congressmen or Administration officials. She completed the complex transaction of divesting her control over nearly \$5,000,000 in real

estate and broadcast properties. And in full stride she moved from The Elms, the Johnsons' 13-room home in northwest Washington, to the White House.

On the day of the move, Lady Bird carried a color picture of the late House Speaker Sam Rayburn in her limousine, while Daughter Lucy Baines, 16, brought the two Johnson beagles, Him and Her, in a white convertible. The Elms is up for sale (asking price: over \$250,000), and Lady Bird visits her old home regularly, often spies knickknacks that she suddenly decides she must have at the White House.

An Expert at Spoon Bread. Several days after she moved into the White House, Lady Bird said: "I'm just now beginning to get over feeling like a tourist." To get over that feeling, she hung her favorite paintings of Texas landscapes by Artist Porfirio Salinas in a second-floor drawing room, distributed

spoon bread, homemade ice cream and monumental Sunday breakfasts of deer sausage, home-cured bacon, popovers, grits, scrambled eggs, homemade peach preserves and coffee.

From Casals to Geezinslaw. Because the mourning period for President Kennedy did not end until this week, Lady Bird has done no official entertaining. Like Jackie, she favors small tables and fairly informal dinner parties. But where Jackie scored a coup by calling Cellist Pablo Casals in to play at the White House, Lady Bird once had a wonderful time employing a country music group called the Geezinslaw Brothers to sing at a party. She also likes to issue invitations by telephone, sometimes winds up by telling the prospective guest, "I'll see you Sunday if the Lord be willing and the creeks don't rise."

Whether Lady Bird will set new fashions for U.S. women remains a ques-



MRS. JOHNSON VISITING WASHINGTON HOSPITAL CHILDREN'S WARD

"If the Lord be willing and the creeks don't rise."

her collection of porcelain birds all around the premises. One of her first changes was to install a desk in a little room off her bedroom. Jackie had used it as a dressing room, but Lady Bird, a shrewd businesswoman who has always paid the family bills and managed her own finances, wanted an office instead.

She will have a budget of \$670,000 a year to run the White House and grounds, with a domestic and maintenance staff that normally stands at 77. Jackie Kennedy's French chef, René Verdon, will stay on—but mostly to perform for fancy official affairs. For everyday eating, Lady Bird brought along Mrs. Zephyr Wright, the Johnsons' cook for 21 years. Zephyr is an expert at

⁸ A maître d'hôtel, two housekeepers, four butlers, six cooks, a valet, five doormen, five housemen, a head laundress, a pantry woman, eight maids, eight engineers, four carpenters, four electricians, three plumbers, two storekeepers, a painter, ten laborers and eleven gardeners.

tion. She is a perfect size ten (5 ft. 4 in., 114 lbs.), wears various shades of orange, yellow, coral and melon because Lyndon likes bright hues. When she appears in something more subdued, he is apt to growl, "Don't wear those old 'muley' colors."

Pickled Okra & Oil Lamps. In some ways, Lady Bird's tastes are militantly homespun. Her favorite recipes are for turkey dressing, spinach soufflé, double divinity and pickled okra. She likes to watch television, talk on the telephone, hunt deer, shoot doves, take home movies. She recalls with pride her childhood on an isolated Texas farm: "I used an oil lamp until I was nine years old, and I can remember what a big day it was when we finally got indoor plumbing."

Lady Bird, who turned 51 this week, views her role as First Lady of the U.S. with a homemaker's eye: "I will try to be balm, sustainer and sometimes critic for my husband. I will try to have my children look at this job with all the rev-

erence it is due, to get from it the knowledge that their unique vantage point gives them, and to retain the lightheartedness to which every teen-ager is entitled. For my own self, my role must emerge in deeds, not words."

THE SUCCESSION

Next in Line

A law passed in 1947 moved the Speaker of the House and the President pro tempore of the Senate ahead of the Secretary of State in the line of succession to the presidency. The theory was that elected, not appointed, officials should have precedence—and for so long as Texas' revered Sam Rayburn was Speaker, there were few questions

seldom fastened on subjects outside his own political sphere. His skills are great as a behind-the-scenes negotiator, but House critics, mostly Northern and Western liberal Democrats, insist that he is too willing to compromise on basic principles. McCormack denies the charge, argues that all he is doing is "harmonizing differences."

If McCormack is to be judged on the amount of major legislation he has pushed through the House, then he must be found lacking. But it is likely that no Speaker, not even Rayburn, would have scored high with the Kennedy Administration's programs. For a House majority was simply against them. As for the charge that McCormack's knowledge of foreign affairs is sketchy, not even he

of the House, it's hard to imagine that even he could consider himself fit for the presidency." Then, incredibly, the Tribune added: "It's no denigration of Mr. McCormack to say this."

With all this being said, it was no wonder that McCormack's patience gave out. At a news conference, he was badgered by Newsman Sarah McClelland. Would he resign as Speaker and remove himself from the line of succession? McCormack cried: "I am amazed that you would ask such a question. I was elected Speaker and I'm going to remain Speaker. I'm amazed."

At his press conference last week, President Johnson made it clear that no changes would be made. Asked if he planned new legislation to deal with presidential succession, he replied: "I have no plans. I have already carefully considered the disability matter and taken the action that I thought was necessary and desirable. I have a complete understanding with Mr. McCormack." Under that arrangement, McCormack would become Acting President if Johnson were disabled; Johnson alone would decide when he was fit to resume presidential duties.

THE CONGRESS

Ave atque Vale

The 1963 session of the U.S. Congress wheezed toward adjournment last week. It had run for 113 months, longer than any since World War II, and in some eyes had accomplished the least. The Senate did ratify the test ban treaty, and the Congress as a whole passed several education bills—a \$1.2 billion college construction program, \$206 million for medical and dental schools and student loans, a \$60 million increase, to \$117 million, in the federal vocational education program. Not even brought to final vote were the two most important legislative items of the year—civil rights and tax reduction. And foreign aid kept the session going right down to the wire as Senate and House conferees haggled and argued, finally came up with a bill appropriating \$3 billion and giving the President authority to approve U.S. credit guarantees for selling anything to Communist countries—as long as it is "in the national interest."

Inevitably there was talk that Congress must reform its rules so as to streamline the legislative process. There was even a proposal that the Senate require that all debate be germane to the legislative issue at hand. That notion got guffaws from Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen. "A germaneness rule for this body?" he asked. "Ha, ha; ha; and, I might add, ho, ho, ho!"

And it was Dirksen who pronounced the kindest epithet for the year's session. "When all is said and done," he said, "the first session of the 88th Congress was not a 'do-nothing Congress' as some would have it or a 'do-little Congress' or a 'standstill Congress.' The more appropriate term would be a 'stop, look, and listen, Congress.'"



SPEAKER McCORMACK & OTHER DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS*

"I have already carefully considered the disability matter."

about the law. But now, with Speaker John McCormack standing next to the President, arguments against the law have been expressed by some who doubt McCormack's capacities.

The main counts against McCormack are his age, his background as a South Boston machine politician, his intellect, and his lack of experience in foreign affairs. At 72, he would indeed be older than any previous U.S. President. Yet McCormack appears mentally alert and, despite his gaunt, 6-ft. 2-in., 168-lb. frame, physically fit. "I have never been sick in my life," he says. "I have never spent a day in a hospital." A tireless worker, he lives austere, does not drink, rarely attends social functions.

Best Behind the Scenes. A member of the House since 1928, McCormack served ten years on the tax-writing Ways and Means Committee, was Democratic floor leader for 17 years before succeeding Rayburn as Speaker in 1962. Although his name is associated with few major bills, his influence has been vast in the legislative field. McCormack is not a bookish man; his curiosity has

would claim to be an expert (he has never been outside the U.S.); by instinct, he has followed the international policies of Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy.

"I Am Amazed." These are the qualifications questioned since Kennedy's death. New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating proposed a constitutional amendment providing for the election of two Vice Presidents to "strengthen the line of succession." New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits and Virginia's Democratic Representative J. Vaughan Gary proposed that the Congress be empowered to elect a new Vice President. Indiana's Democratic Senator Birch Bayh suggested that the President himself nominate a new Vice President, his choice subject to approval by Congress. Editorialized the New York Herald Tribune: "Whatever John McCormack's qualifications as Speaker

* From left: Senator Pro Tempore Carl Hayden of Arizona, Senator Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana, Representative Hale Boggs of Louisiana.

REPUBLICANS

"I Do"

Dwight Eisenhower recently set out from Gettysburg for a California vacation, but he made an important stop on the way. In his private Santa Fe railroad car at the Harrisburg railroad yards, he was host at dinner with Pennsylvania's Republican Governor William Scranton. They talked seven hours but newsmen did not get any of the details from Scranton until late last week—and then only after they promised to hold the story until after the mourning period for John Kennedy ended this week.

In short, Ike had asked Scranton to try for the 1964 presidential nomination. Said Scranton to reporters: "It was not a deep discussion about national politics. But he did point out that he believed—at this stage of the game—two things: one was that a great many people that he had talked with felt that I should be a major contender for the nomination. And he thought so too. And secondly, he knew that I didn't want to do this—I told him so several times. But he thought the time had come when I should give a lot of thought to it—and real deep thought—because it was highly likely that at some future date I would have to make a decision as to whether I would run or whether I would not."

Ike's request notwithstanding, Scranton said he still did not want to enter any state primaries, but he added: "I am remaining flexible. I admit that in the sense that I have said, if there were a real and honest draft, I would have great difficulty in turning it down."

The Governor said that he told Ike he was "flattered that he asked" but that he did not want to run. Yet when a reporter asked Scranton if he was qualified to be President, he seemed angry. "That's a very dirty question," he snapped. "Is anybody fully qualified to do every phase of the job? I don't suppose so." Then, more mildly, he said: "It's extremely variegated, heavily burdensome, but it's the most important job in the world. Do I think that I could do the job if I had it? Yes, I do."

TOM LEA—ALLIED PIX



EISENHOWER & SCRANTON
"And he thought so too."

ELECTIONS

A Hard One to Lose

The only real question about the special election for Texas' Tenth District congressional seat, once occupied by Lyndon Johnson, was how soundly the Democratic conservative would beat the Republican conservative. The answer, last week, was: soundly enough.

Running were Democrat J. J. ("Jake") Pickle, 49, a one-time Johnson congressional staffer and campaign aide, making his first try for office, and Republican James Dobbs, 38, a Goldwater enthusiast who resigned as announcer for a right-wing radio program sponsored by Texas Oilman H. L. Hunt to seek the seat for a second time. Last year Dobbs was the first Republican ever to run for the seat, ended up being clobbered by Incumbent Democrat Homer Thornberry, 42,000 to 25,000. This election came about because Homer Thornberry, who had held the job since Johnson gave it up in 1948, had resigned to accept a Kennedy appointment to the federal bench.

Dobbs ran mostly against Kennedy, with some sideswipes at Johnson; his campaign signs urged voters to "scratch Lyndon's boy Jake." After Kennedy's assassination and Johnson's succession as President, the wind went completely out of Dobbs's sails. He lost to Pickle 27,000 to 16,000, proving only that in traditional Democratic territory like the Texas Tenth, a Democrat who has the backing of the first Texas Democratic President would have a tough time losing.

RACES

Back on the Home Front

Although the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. has been protesting unfair treatment of Negroes all across the U.S., it has been a long while since he last spoke out in his own city of Atlanta. Last week, however, King's patience with the slow pace of negotiations between Atlanta's white and Negro leaders came to an end. Addressing some 2,500 Negroes, shivering on a cold, windy afternoon in a downtown park, he debunked Atlanta's reputation for racial enlightenment.

"While boasting of its progress and virtue," said King, "Atlanta has allowed itself to fall behind almost every other Southern city in progress toward desegregation." His intent, he said, was not "to embarrass our city, but to call Atlanta back to something noble and plead with her to rise from dark yesterdays of racial injustice to bright tomorrows of justice for all. We must honestly say to Atlanta that time is running out. If some concrete changes for good are not made soon, Negro leaders of Atlanta will find it impossible to convince the masses of Negroes of the good faith of the negotiations presently taking place. We must revolt peacefully, openly and cheerfully, because our aim is to persuade. We will



KING IN ATLANTA

"Our aim is to persuade."

try to persuade with our words, but if our words fail, we must persuade with our acts."

Next day the Atlanta City Council, apparently moved less by King's oratory than by the fact that local segregation ordinances are one after another being declared illegal by the courts, adopted a sweeping law that abolishes "all ordinances which require the separation of persons because of race, color or creed." Among those repealed were measures that had made it illegal for bars to serve beer or wine to whites and Negroes in the same room, Negro barbers to cut the hair of white women, amateur baseball teams of different races to play within two blocks of one another, and Negroes to visit any "whites only" park except the local zoo.

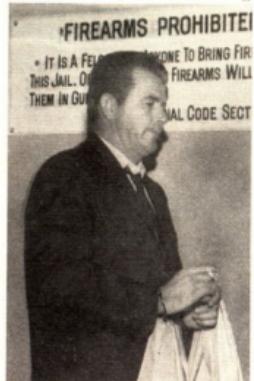
INVESTIGATIONS

The Kidnaper Who Panicked

"It was," said Frank Sinatra Sr., "a fantastic job. The rapidity of the FBI in this case was just incredible." The FBI certainly did nothing to discredit this notion, and the facts seemed to bear out the idea. Only five days and a few hours after he was taken at gunpoint from a motel room on the California-Nevada state line in the Sierra Nevadas, Frank Sinatra Jr. was back home. Three men had been arrested and charged with his kidnapping, and all but \$6,114.24 of a \$240,000 ransom payment had been recovered. Besieged by newsmen's requests for details as to how its sleuths had caught up with the kidnappers, the FBI maintained a silence that seemed to be token of deep wisdom as well as becoming modesty.

A Terrified Confession. But as it turned out last week, a more likely reason for the FBI's silence was that it had been handed a solution to the case by a kidnaper who panicked, turned himself in, and blew the whistle on his confederates. John Irwin, 42, an off-and-on

house painter with a record ranging from assault to disorderly conduct in four states, was racing south from Los Angeles in a Chevrolet station wagon purchased with \$1,000 of the ransom money. As he drove, his fears that capture was inevitable and flight was foolish mounted to terror. In San Juan Capistrano, Irwin stopped, put in a frantic call to his younger brother James, 41, a school purchasing agent, at his home in Imperial Beach, only twelve miles from the Mexican border. The two had not seen each other for several



JOHN IRWIN

Too many fears.

months. But now, said John, it was urgent that they talk privately.

Next morning over breakfast in Imperial Beach, John told his story. "He seemed on the verge of collapse," recalls James. "He said he had gotten himself involved in the Sinatra kidnaping. He told me some of the ransom money was in the car." Within half an hour the two brothers decided what they would do. With John listening on an extension phone, James called the FBI in San Diego and told them the story. Agents arrived quickly, arrested John, and recovered \$47,938 from a valise in the station wagon outside.

Still Talking. The FBI admitted that it had got some help from young Sinatra. In one of the rare moments when his blindfold was removed, Frank Jr. managed to spot the name of a restaurant on a bag of sandwiches his captors had just bought. That helped narrow the search for the house in which he had been hidden to Los Angeles' Canoga Park area. He carefully counted the aircraft that passed close overhead, helped to establish the fact that the house was in the approach path to an air terminal. It was, as it turned out, the Lockheed Corp. field in Burbank.

That information, plus the confession of Irwin, enabled the FBI to arrest two other suspects—sometime Salesman

Barry Keenan, 23, and Beach Bum Joseph Amsler. And John Irwin was still talking. Twice before, he said, he had been involved in a plan to snatch Sinatra. "Once in Arizona," he said, "we just missed connections." On a second occasion, Irwin said, he had convinced his partners that the plan should be abandoned. Both Keenan and Amsler were charged by federal authorities with kidnaping, an offense punishable by a maximum life term in prison. But Irwin was charged only with "aiding and abetting" a kidnaping, a lesser offense punishable by a prison term to be set by the court.

The Autopsy

The autopsy report on President Kennedy was on its way to the special investigating commission headed by Chief Justice Earl Warren, and had not yet been made public. But "unofficial" word of its contents was given to Washington newsmen last week.

The autopsy was performed at the Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Md., and its findings differed in significant respects from earlier reports by doctors at Dallas' Parkland Memorial Hospital. The Parkland doctors' only interest had been in trying to save the President's life, totally forlorn though that hope was, and they took little time for closer examination of his wounds.

Thus Parkland doctors thought that one bullet struck Kennedy in the throat, just below the necktie knot, another in the back of the head, and either would have been fatal. But the autopsy indicated that the first bullet had struck Kennedy in the back, some six inches below the collar line, and that the throat wound had been made by a fragment of the last bullet, which literally exploded in Kennedy's head. Parkland doctors, who worked over Kennedy as he lay on his back, apparently missed the first wound. And it might not have been fatal. The bullet had penetrated but two or three inches, perhaps after ricocheting from part of the limousine, and it struck no vital organs.

The implication was that if President Kennedy had been shielded or thrown to safety on the floor of the car in the 5-sec. interval between the two shots, he might have survived. A Secret Serviceman, trained to react quickly in such emergencies, might have done just that had he been stationed close enough to Kennedy. One agent rode in the front seat of Kennedy's car in Dallas, but there was no way for him to scramble back to the President's aid in time. Kennedy himself had always objected to agents flanking him closely (particularly when campaigning), and by his own order there was no agent at his elbow in Dallas.

Meantime, the seven-member Warren commission moved ponderously ahead with its work. Warren ordered the FBI to add more details to its five-volume report, told the State Department that it too must flesh out its find-

ings about the background of Assassin Lee Harvey Oswald. "They are summary reports in more or less skeleton form," said Warren, "and in order to evaluate them, we have to see the materials on which they are based."

The First Baker Witness

Into the Senate committee hearing room came a wan blonde. Her hair was done up in a sort of beehive style. Her name was Gertrude Novak, and she was a \$7,385-a-year clerk of the Senate Small Business Committee. Appearing last week before the Senate Committee on Rules and Administration as the first public-hearing witness on the affairs of Bobby Baker, former secretary to the Democratic Senate Majority, she told a story of stock ventures and mortgages that would have baffled brighter-looking blondes.

She recalled how her husband had given Baker \$12,000 in February 1960 to buy 3,600 shares of stock in Milwaukee's Mortgage Guaranty Insurance Corp., then split a \$54,000 profit with Baker 13 months later. Wisconsin's Republican Representative John W. Byrnes was another who bought that stock; his 100 shares, for which he paid \$2,300, are now worth around \$24,000. Byrnes, who had helped Mortgage Guaranty get a tax-relief ruling from the Internal Revenue Service, insisted that the stock deal was not a conflict of interest. Still, Byrnes had promised to sell his shares and donate the profits to charity.

The Mortgage Guaranty stock profit was about the only pleasant memory Trudy Novak could muster. The Novaks, she said, lost every penny of a \$107,000 investment in Baker's Carousel motel in Ocean City, Md., when Baker sold out at a loss. A \$15,000 investment in a Baker-suggested electronics stock was nearly wiped out when the price fell. Then, 21 months ago, Alfred

WALTER BENNETT



TRUDY NOVAK
So much cash.

Novak was found dead in the garage at his home; the District of Columbia coroner ruled the death a suicide.

What Trudy Novak seemed to remember most vividly was the way Bobby Baker tossed bundles of money about like so much laundry. Frequently, she said, she would stop by Baker's Capitol office to pick up sizable sums for the Carousel's operating expenses. It was always in cash. Once, she said, she found his desk stacked with nearly \$15,000 in \$100 bills. Baker himself rushed off to the Senate floor, leaving Trudy and his secretary to count out \$13,300 for the motel. "That's where I lost some faith in Mr. Baker," she said, "in that he was handling that much cold cash."

Most of what Witness Novak had to say was already public knowledge (TIME, Nov. 8). But her appearance did accomplish one thing: it at least generated some sort of start to the hearings—after eight weeks of shilly-shallying by a Senate committee all too obviously reluctant to undertake an investigation that might hit close to home.

LABOR

The Man Who Made The Most of Automation

Says Alfred Renton Bridges (everyone calls him Harry), for 30 years the controversial boss of West Coast dock workers, in his Australian cockney accent: "If someone wants to get me out of this job, the best way would be to call me a 'labor statesman.'" Yet that, in effect, is what a lot of people who do not want him out of his job are calling him nowadays. Examples:

► Says Eisenhower's Secretary of Labor James Mitchell, who now lives in San Francisco: "Next only to John L. Lewis, Bridges has done the best job in American labor of coming to grips with the problems of automation."

► Says Clark Kerr, president of the University of California and a specialist in labor-management relations: "Anyone who's seen Bridges off and on over the years has to be impressed with the changes that have been made since 1934. In 1934 longshoremen were sort of leftovers from society, men who couldn't find other work. Now they're the aristocrats of labor."

► Says Stanley Powell, president of the Matson shipping line: "I don't know how the guy who sat at this desk 30 years ago felt about Bridges, but I know it was a hell of a lot different from the way I feel. I admire his ability to keep his word and get his union to back him up."

Such tributes stem from the fact that Bridges, far more than most labor leaders, has faced the challenge of automation. In 1960 his International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union reached an agreement with management's Pacific Maritime Association. Under that pact the employers can introduce as many labor-saving machines as they wish—at a price of \$5,000,000 a year in retirement and other benefits for

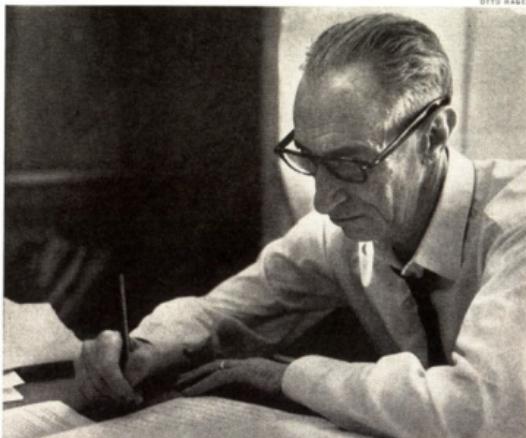
Bridges' boys. The agreement is paying off for both shippers and dock workers.

Stinking Copra. Last week a crew of six San Francisco longshoremen finished the nine-day job of unloading 7,000 tons of stinking, oil-laden copra from the Liberty ship *Silvana*. A tracked vehicle pried the gooey cargo from the holds, hoisted it into a vacuum tube that shot it into a conversion plant. A few years ago 18 men would have worked two weeks to unload the *Silvana*.

Similarly, it used to take six days to

a very selfish, narrow program to take care of the people in our union." Yet others insist that he really enjoys his new status. Explains Bridges' "friendly foe," Maritime Negotiator J. Paul St. Sure: "It got a little trying for him to hear all the time about what a rough s.o.b. he was. He likes his present role." Although Bridges lives in a modest two-bedroom house with his third wife Noriko, 40, a Nisei, on a salary of \$14,040 a year, he nonetheless banks in the welcomes he receives at such big business-

OTTO HAGEL



HARRY BRIDGES
Such curious politics.

transfer a load of passenger cars off Matson's *Hawaiian Motorist*; the ship can now dock, unload and be back at sea in seven hours. Where 14-man gangs worked twelve shifts to load cargo containers into a Matson ship, a ten-man gang can now perform the complete loading job in just two shifts.

Under the agreement, Bridges gave up most of his union's featherbedding "work rules"—although not precisely in any spirit of generosity. His longshoremen now get a basic \$3.19 an hour for a guaranteed 35 hours a week. The agreement's kitty permits a 25-year man to retire at 62, draw a \$220 monthly pension for three years, \$115 after that (when Social Security begins). If an I.L.W.U. man works until 65, he gets an additional lump sum of \$7,920. If a machine knocks a man out of work, he continues to draw 35 hours of pay a week. The deal is so good that last year the I.L.W.U. had some 25,000 applicants for 2,600 openings.

The shippers have no beef, mainly because they save in dock charges—up to \$2,500 a day—when ships turn about faster.

Nothing so irritates Harry Bridges, now 62, as the notion that the automation agreement means that he is melting. Says he: "We've merely adopted

men's haunts as San Francisco's Commonwealth and Bohemian Clubs.

"**We Let Him Talk.**" Bridges' politics remain curious. He says he is a registered Republican, but the only picture on his office wall is one of F.D.R. Yet Bridges is still sympathetic to Communist causes—a tendency that kept him in trouble with the U.S. Government for years. The U.S. repeatedly tried to deport Bridges to his native Australia, once got him convicted of perjury for swearing in his 1945 application for U.S. citizenship that he had never been a member of the Communist Party. But Bridges won that on appeal, and eventually won every other case too.

Anyway, across a bargaining table, Bridges' politics do not seem to matter. "Harry will make a big speech at the table about Cuba," says Matson Vice President Wayne Horvitz. "We let him talk, and then we get back to business." Bridges explains it all in his own jargon: "There are some labels, Communism and socialism, liberalism and conservatism, that mean something. But Republican and Democrat—those labels don't mean anything. As against talking left and moving right, I think it is more honest to talk right and move right."

And let no one call him a labor statesman.

THE WORLD

BERLIN

The Hole in the Wall

The sweetest Christmas music Berliners have heard in more than two years had nothing to do with Bach or Handel. It was the ugly stutter of jackhammers tearing gates in the Berlin Wall, the whine of cranes removing zigzag barriers from heavily guarded crossing points. Then, late last week, the candy-stripe customs poles went up, and thousands of grinning, gift-laden West Ber-

liners swarmed through the Wall for their first reunions with eastern sector relatives since August 1961. A long row of glowing charcoal braziers warmed the approach to the Oberbaum Bridge, and two brightly lit Christmas trees guarded its western end. On the other side of the River Spree, between the trigger-happy East German Vopos wore grins above their cradled submachine guns.

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Only till Midnight. Ironically, Communism's grudging Christmas present to West Berlin seems to have originated in the toy factory of Nikita Khrushchev, who resembles Santa Claus only in shape. Chilled by the reception East Germans gave him last summer at the Wall, and aware that the spirit of *détente* had not yet thawed the frozen pivotal point in East-West relations, Khrushchev talked East German Boss Walter Ulbricht into opening negotiations for the Christmas visits.

Ulbricht was apparently in no mood to be generous. The hole in the Wall is a tiny one by any measurement. Only

nabbed by the Vopos the moment they crossed the Wall and therefore will not dare to try it.

Tears & Brandy. But despite restrictions and Red tape, some half a million West Berliners will probably make the sentimental journey before the holiday season ends—many of them more than once. Tears and brandy flowed as the first visitors crossed the Wall. Grandparents sized up snow-suited two-year-olds they had never seen except in photographs. "Does the baby meet the family standards?" asked one proud West German mother. "Ja, schon," wept the grandmother. Although the West Berliners arrived laden with everything from *Lebkuchen* to long underwear, not all the gifts came from their side of the Wall. One East German lad blew a year's savings on two geese, a sweater and a bottle of brandy to welcome his long-immured relatives.

Some Western diplomats felt the Communist Christmas present was wrapped in blackmail, nervously awaiting Ulbricht's next move. But though

the hole in the Wall will be sealed up after the holiday season, it will never seem so impenetrable again. After this brief, tantalizing breach, the Wall's ugly masonry will look all the more intolerable—to East and West Berliner alike.

RUSSIA

"We Too Are People"

Not since the Trotskyite riots in the 1920s had Moscow seen anything like it. While crowds of Russians watched with amazement, more than 400 African students last week battled Red cops in the streets, inside Red Square itself, right past Nikita Khrushchev's own office window. "Moscow—A Second Alabama," said one crudely lettered sign, in Russian and in English. "Stop Killing Africans," warned another placard.

Mourning Bands. The race riot was touched off by the mysterious death of Edmond Asare-Addo, 29, a second-year medical student from Ghana who was studying at Kalinin Institute, about 100 miles northwest of the capital. On the eve of his marriage to a Russian girl, the student's body was discovered near the railroad tracks of a suburban Moscow station. The Soviet police claimed that Asare-Addo, drunk, had fallen down in the 11°-below-zero weather and frozen to death. But Ghanaians, who knew that the marriage was fiercely opposed by the girl's Russian friends, insisted that the youth was stabbed below the chin and tossed into the snow.

Quickly swinging into action, students at Patrice Lumumba Friendship University spread the word to other Africans in Leningrad, Kalinin, and as far away as Odessa and Tashkent. The message: We march on the Kremlin. Wearing the traditional red mourning band of Ghana around their heads, the students gathered before the Ghana embassy on a street a mile from Red Square. "No trouble," shouted their leaders as the procession trooped off, but at the end of the street, there was plenty.

Soviet police had barred the way with trucks and cars. When the cops refused to budge, the crowd began rocking a police car, intending to flip it over. Anxious to avoid bloodshed, and outnumbered 100 to 1, the police gave way after a brief scuffle. As English-speaking Russian youths—members of the Young Communist League—blocked the view from Western photographers, the students regrouped, marched through the heart of Moscow singing freedom songs. But the police regrouped too, and near Red Square, officials commanded more trucks to block the entrance. Loudspeakers blared "Entry to Red Square is closed," but the Africans squeezed through a space between two trucks; as two students dropped a policeman with a flying tackle, other



WEST BERLINERS WAITING FOR CROSS-OVER PERMITS
A doubtful gift from old St. Nikita.

marchers grappled with cops on top of the vehicles.

"It's Natural." Once again police gave way. The horde raced across Red Square, up an incline not far from Nikita's window (he was out inspecting an economics exhibition), past Lenin's granite mausoleum, and on toward the historic Spassky Gate that leads to the inner Kremlin grounds. At that moment the huge iron gates clanged shut. Using sound trucks, the police pleaded with the students to disperse, but for two more hours they argued and jostled with police. Ogling the demonstration were thousands of Russians, who watched from the street and from the windows of GUM, the big state-owned department store, until employees curtailed off the uncomradely scene.

Finally, about 100 students were allowed to interview Soviet Minister of Higher Education Vyacheslav Elliotin, who promised an investigation of the student's death. It was a stormy, two-hour session, with Africans demanding an end to all forms of official discrimination. "African students get beaten up every day," one protested. "And Soviet policemen do nothing."

Neither did Ghana's Ambassador to Moscow, J. B. Elliot. Next day, as students again massed near the embassy, he closed the building (for "repairs" to damaged furniture), raised no objection as police herded the angry Ghanaians away. Elliot tried to laugh off the melee, dismissed talk of widespread bias against students as nothing but "rumors." "Relations with Soviet students are cordial," he insisted. "But it's natural to take a punch at each other."

Futile Protest. Even Kremlin propagandists did not make that nonsensical claim. Instead, the Russians clamped a tight censorship on the embarrassing affair, for two days did not print or broadcast one word about the riot all Moscow was talking about. Finally, Izvestia issued a stern warning to the stu-

dents, told them to "respect Soviet laws" or get out of the country.

Prague has erupted in two race riots within two years. Last February in Sofia, Bulgarian militiamen wielded clubs against 200 Ghanaians who were marching down the main street demanding nothing more than their own campus organization. In Moscow, Africans have been smoldering for years over thinly disguised racial discrimination. Except for a token number of Russian students, the dining rooms and dormitories of Lumumba U. (which Africans sardonically call "Apartheid U.") are segregated. Africans find it difficult to date a Russian girl. Students squirm at the stares they get in public and object to poor service they often receive in restaurants. Despite professions of brotherhood, many Russians still think Africans are half-civilized strangers who have just emerged from the jungle.

"We too are people, not animals," cried one sign carried by students who surged through Moscow's streets last week. To which one Russian replied, obviously groaning under the weight of the imperialist white man's burden: "We help them and give them an education. Then they turn against us."

COMMUNISTS

The Sphinx, Anyone?

The most reluctant rubberneck in Egypt last week was Communist China's Premier Chou En-lai. Granted only three sessions with President Nasser during his week's sojourn in Cairo, Chou was propelled relentlessly through the list of VIP tourist attractions: an automobile plant, a museum, Egypt's military academy, the Aswan Dam. When his hosts insisted on a close-up inspection of the Sphinx, Chou asked plaintively: "Do I have to go? I've already seen it from a distance."

Though the visit to Egypt was only the first leg of his scheduled two-month



CHOU AT KING TUT'S STATUE

And some ill will.

swing through Africa, the round of sightseeing clearly tired the ailing, 67-year-old Chou. For the first time, Westerners noticed that he has only partial use of his right arm, which was usually clutched tightly over his stomach. At one point, after climbing a flight of stairs at an Aswan power station, the ashen-faced Premier staggered off into a corner as if he were about to faint. One of two doctors in his entourage hurried over and appeared to give him a whiff of smelling salts. As Chou raised his head, blood trickled from his nose. "It happens whenever he gets tired," shrugged one of his aides. "It is not serious, but that is why he always has a doctor with him."

Chou nonetheless had plenty of energy for speechmaking, harped repeatedly on the Peking version of Moscow's we-will-bury-you refrain. Indeed, to hear Chou, the Afro-Asians will bury not only the West but Russia as well. "The Asian and African peoples," he proclaimed, "through their labor and intellect created illustrious civilizations which were demolished by imperialist aggression and tyranny. Now that we have broken the imperialistic shackles, we will be able to work new miracles."

For all his eagerness to win African support for Peking's side in the Sino-Soviet conflict, however, Chou could offer little cash to the underdeveloped countries. In some areas that the Chinese have cultivated, they may even end by making more enemies than friends. By lending Somalia \$20 million to buy arms for its campaign to grab adjacent territory, Peking has angered neighboring Kenya, where it has also spent heavily to woo the new nation. It may succeed at least in raising Russia's ante in Africa and Asia. At week's end, as Chou left for Algeria, Nikita Khrushchev was reportedly planning his own swing through Africa. Before visiting Cairo next spring, he may also junket to India and Nepal on Chou's back doorstep. Then it will be Nikita's turn to tell who will bury whom.



AFRICAN STUDENTS DEMONSTRATING IN RED SQUARE
A clatter by the window.

COLD WAR

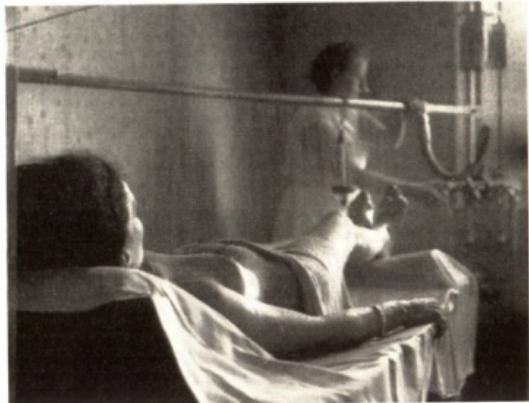
Improved Balance

Any surprises at NATO's year-end ministerial conference in Paris were purely accidental. An elevator got stuck in the headquarters of the alliance, briefly trapping a dozen photographers. Then U.S. Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara narrowly missed sudden death when the four-engine jet carrying him from Orly Airport to Saigon braked to a jolting stop on the runway, just in time to avoid collision with an incoming plane. As for the meeting of NATO's defense, finance and foreign ministers, it went so smoothly that the session adjourned after only two days, a day ahead of schedule.

Gentle Reminder. McNamara, impressive as usual, ticked off a few awesome facts of U.S. nuclear power: more than 2,000 atomic warheads ready in case of war, a 100% increase in two years; 500 SAC bombers and 500 intercontinental missiles, with 1,000 more missiles by 1966; a new 155-mm. nuclear howitzer to boost the power of Army ground forces, whose manpower has been raised by 45% within two years. In a gentle but unmistakable reminder to U.S. allies, the Pentagon chief said that unless they hiked their own contributions to NATO, Congress and U.S. public opinion would become increasingly restless over Washington's far heavier share of the Western defense burden.

In a sense, the familiar discussion of military preparedness was overshadowed by NATO's "general recognition," as Secretary-General Dirk Stikker summed it up, "of a change in the atmosphere of world affairs." British Foreign Secretary R. A. Butler echoed a common view that in the wake of the Kremlin's retreat in the Cuban missile crisis, the Soviets "have renounced the policy of high risks in dealing with the West." U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk, while warning that the Communists could create new dangers with unpredictable and perilous speed, hinted that the array of problems facing Russia may make it far easier for the West to reach agreements with the Reds. The problems include the deeply significant rift with Red China, the slackening of revolutionary ardor at home, and the Soviet Union's growing domestic economic troubles.

Jane's Verdict. Nikita Khrushchev has stretched his nation's resources dangerously thin. The 1964 and 1965 budgets published in Moscow last week showed sharp cutbacks in plans for such key sectors of heavy industry as steel and electric power in order to divert massive additional funds to the lagging agriculture program and the backward chemical industry. Perhaps the lack of capital was also the cause of the declining rate in Russia's air and space spectaculars. The latest edition of *Jane's All the World's Aircraft* lists only one



LIVER PATIENT UNDERGOING WATER MASSAGE
Also herbs and *Les Petites Pilules Carters*.

new Soviet plane for 1962—a high-altitude reconnaissance plane like the U-2. *Jane's* also suggested that Russia's *His* and *Her* space-twin flights "failed to achieve all their objectives, which may have included orbital rendezvous," pointed out that the Russians, in addition, lost contact with their rocket probe of Mars.

U.S. projects, although begun with modest objectives, far exceeded expectations, the report stated, citing Major Gordon Cooper's 22-orbit flight and the Mariner II probe that relayed a wealth of data about Venus. "With the great Saturn booster due to become operational in 1964-65," *Jane's* added, "the suggestion that America and the Soviet Union should work together on major projects like lunar exploration is both timely and sensible now that the prospective partners are attaining a measure of equality."

FRANCE

Ma Foie Mon Foie!

To the average American, liver is for wurst. But to 47.6 million Frenchmen, *le foie*—when it is not *gras*—is the precious, pesky organ that regulates their lives. When a Frenchman exclaims, "*Mon foie!*," his cry from the gland wins instant sympathy, even in a Place de la Concorde traffic jam. Depending on whether it is swollen, too hard, too tender, congested, enfeebled or, as the French say, "intoxicated" from a surfeit of rich food, the liver is blamed for virtually every physical malfunction from ingrown toenails to inadequate amatory performance.

To assuage the Gallic gland, Frenchmen gulp some 7,000 varieties of patent medicines—notably, *Les Petites Pilules Carters Pour Le Foie*—as well as treating it to massage, hot baths, compresses,

radioactive water, herbs, fasts, purges, exercises, and injections, naturally, of liver. Says an Anglo-Saxon doctor who has practiced for many years in Paris: "I have never examined a Frenchman who did not believe that he had liver trouble." Undoubtedly, the Frenchman's liver takes a worse beating than any other variety on earth, except that of the geese they force-feed for *foie gras*. The French *foie* not only absorbs more and richer food than most other livers; it also has to cope with the world's highest alcoholic intake. One result is that France has the world's highest death rate from cirrhosis of the liver, 31.2 per 100,000 annually, v. 11.5 in the U.S.

Crises for Cats. In most other civilized countries, the liver is rated one of the body's most rugged and efficient organs; the original protein factory, it can actually repair its own damaged cells and lost tissue. The Anglo-Saxon often attributes liver ailments to malnutrition, a fate to which the liver is not conspicuously subject in France, where every foodstuff is weighed for its effect on the *foie*. In the age-old belief that eggs overtax young livers, the average French parent would sooner poach a hare than an egg for the children. Chocolate, butter and cream are as suspect as they are essential to French cuisine. The French even treat their dogs and cats for *crises de foie*.

So universal is the cult of liver worship, say many doctors, that patients refuse to believe that anything else could possibly be wrong with them. Says Dr. André Varay, one of France's most eminent liver specialists: "French liver trouble is almost a chauvinistic attribute. The Frenchman looks indulgently at the minor miseries his epicureanism and great cooking cause him, the way a valiant warrior looks on his battle scars."

Give It a Walk. This week, as the nation girded itself for its *foie du réveillon*, the virulent hangover peculiar to Christmas and New Year's, magazines and newspapers were filled with timely tips for the battle-scarred. In addition to stringent post-holiday dieting—for serious *crises de foie*, doctors recommend total abstinence from meat, eggs, fish, butter, wine, tobacco and coffee—Dr. André Soubiran, writing in the woman's magazine *Jours de France*, warned readers "your liver needs fresh air," and will invariably be "put in a better humor" if it is taken for a brisk walk, "preferably in a forest."

Some cures, such as gulping vile-tasting mineral water at a spa, seem worse than the disease. On the other hand, as Soubiran rhapsodized, the liver after all is a "gland more precious than others, which regenerates the blood, stores vitamins, eliminates toxic and waste materials, manufactures reserve sugars, distributes alimentary fats, manufactures iron, assures normal blood coagulation, and controls the functioning of the sexual glands." The liver, he concluded, "is a friend which one must know how to care for. Is it not the liver which controls your sentimental life and your figure?"

A New Challenger?

Though two years still remain of his term, France's President Charles de Gaulle has already let it be known that he will run for re-election. In Paris last week, another heretofore was thrown into the ring, that of breezy, competent Gaston Defferre, 53, mayor of Marseille.

Defferre is the mysterious "Monsieur X" whose virtues as a candidate have recently been touted by the influential left-wing weekly *L'Express*. The description fitted Defferre so perfectly that few Frenchmen had any doubt whom *L'Express* had in mind. As the Monsieur X campaign boomed on, Gaullists be-

gan to squirm, and Defferre's original resistance to the presidential fever weakened.

Even a Yacht. Some of Defferre's fellow Socialists began to squirm as well. Uneasiest of all was Party Secretary Guy Mollet, who has long been jealous of Defferre's growing power in the party and his even wider appeal to the nation. When the governing board of the Socialist Party met last week at its Paris headquarters just off Place Pigalle, Mollet fought hard to stop the Socialists from naming anyone as a presidential candidate—at least at this moment. But of the 43 Socialists present at last week's meeting, fully 35 backed Defferre and only eight stood with Mollet. It seems certain that Defferre will get full Socialist Party support at next February's special congress.

The man who has emerged as De Gaulle's major rival is nearly as unusual as *le grand Charles* himself. In a Roman Catholic country, Defferre is a Protestant. He is a co-owner of a prosperous newspaper, *Le Provençal*, and though a convinced Socialist, possesses one of those conspicuous bourgeois appetencies, a yacht. An anti-Communist, Defferre nevertheless gets Communist support at elections.

One-time Gaullist. Born at Marsillargues, 80 miles west of Marseille, Defferre took his law degree at Aix-en-Provence, joined the Resistance during the war, served for a time as a Gaullist in North Africa. After the Liberation, Defferre was elected mayor of Marseille, has served continuously in Parliament since 1946, and was a decolonizer long before De Gaulle: the 1956 *loïc-cadre*, giving autonomy to France's African empire, was Defferre's creation.

In Marseille, where Defferre lives with his attractive wife Marie-Antoinette in a villa overlooking the harbor, politics can be as rough as in Chicago. Handsome, greying Gaston Defferre

plays rough when necessary but is mostly interested in results. During his ten years as mayor, Marseille, France's second largest city (pop. 778,000), has balanced its budget, won the national blue ribbon for housing construction, and set up long-range city planning that may become a national model.

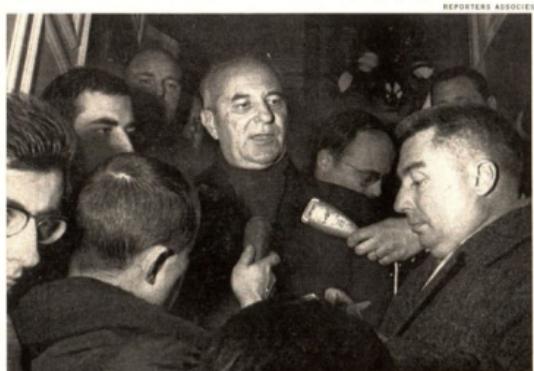
Even if he finally emerges as the only major rival of De Gaulle for the presidency, Defferre's chances of winning do not seem bright. As a Protestant, he is obviously considered suspect by many of the Catholic center. But he can be depended upon to make lively what might have been a dull campaign and to ask questions that trouble even Gaullist Frenchmen, questions about European policy, the independent nuclear deterrent, and, especially, about inflation. "The general bears the entire responsibility for the deterioration of our financial position," Defferre charges. "You can't deny De Gaulle's immense qualities, but he is truly isolating us. He has the taste for drama, the taste for calamity."

GREAT BRITAIN

Exmac

Like any other elderly party off to London for lunch at the club or a spot of Christmas shopping, the squire of Birch Grove boarded a first-class railway carriage at Haywards Heath station near his home in exurbanite Sussex. Curtained by the Times, he rode in upper-crust anonymity into London's Victoria Station, fumbled absent-mindedly for his pass at the ticket barrier, and left the station on foot. His destination this time was not 10 Downing Street or Admiralty House, but 12 Catherine Place, where Harold Macmillan stayed last week with his son Maurice and daughter-in-law Katie.

Macmillan's mission in town, only two months after his resignation as Britain's Prime Minister, was to attend the House of Commons post-mortem debate on the Profumo-Keeler scandal. The affair by now had about as much charge as morning-after champagne, but Macmillan felt it was his duty to be present. From the front-bench aisle seat that is traditionally reserved for former Prime Ministers, Macmillan finally rose to deliver his last, compellingly honest words on the case that came near to toppling his government last summer. Though gaunt and ash-faced from his recent illness, 69-year-old Harold Macmillan threw back his shoulders with the kind of dignity under attack that comes instinctively to the Old Guardsman. "Of course," he said, "I was deceived. That must always be for me and for the whole House a great sorrow." Soon afterward, Harold Macmillan, who held office for almost seven straight years—a record unmatched by any other peacetime Prime Minister in nearly half a century—rose and, bowing to the Speaker, drove off to No. 12.



MARSEILLE MAYOR DEFFERRE AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Otherwise known as Monsieur X.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Please Send Orders

In the two months since the overthrow of President Ngo Dinh Diem, the news out of South Viet Nam has been mostly bad. The Communist Viet Cong have scored alarming gains in vital Long An province south of Saigon, which feeds the capital. For all the fanfare with which they were welcomed by Diem's critics, the generals who succeeded the slain President have demonstrated an unsettling lack of political leadership; recently, the civilian chiefs of nine northern provinces relayed a plea to junta chairman Major General Duong Van ("Big") Minh: "Please send us orders."

Last week U.S. Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara flew from the NATO meeting in Paris to Saigon, for his second Viet Nam inspection visit in three months. Joined by U.S. Central Intelligence Agency Chief John A. McCone, McNamara plunged into briefings at the U.S. military mission. Then he spent an afternoon conferring with Big Minh and the other junta chiefs.

Under discussion were plans for a major new offensive against the Viet Cong. Before boarding his plane for home, McNamara turned to Vietnamese Defense Minister Major General Tran Van Don with some stern words of advice. "Now," said McNamara, "let's be real tough."

INDIA

Sea Lawyer

Ever since Red China's surprise attack a year ago, India's traditional policy of neutrality has been more honored in words than in deeds. While mounting the old homilies about non-alignment, India has petitioned the West for \$1.5 billion in military aid and has agreed to a Western air-defense umbrella. Last week the U.S. Seventh Fleet prepared to take up positions in the Indian Ocean.

The question was broached to Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru by Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Maxwell D. Taylor on a visit to India last week. Under the proposal, a task force of one aircraft carrier with nuclear bomb-carrying jets and four escort ships would patrol in the Indian Ocean for two to four months at a time. Supplied by support vessels, the task force would never have to tie up at any Indian port for provisions.

Predictably, the Seventh Fleet proposal stirred up protests. The Indian press maintained that the plan was another threat to Indian neutrality. Pakistan claimed that it was a hostile gesture on the part of both countries, and Red China said that it was another example of the subversion of India by Western imperialists. As for Nehru, he performed like a sea lawyer in lukewarmly endorsing the plan. "How can we object to anyone going where he likes on the high seas," he said.

CAMBODIA

The Slumbering Prince

Former U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson is one of the most highly esteemed Americans in Phnompenh. The reason dates back to last year, when Acheson successfully represented Cambodia before the International Court of Justice in The Hague in a territorial dispute with Thailand. Last week the U.S. tried to capitalize on this friendship in an effort to end its acerbic—and somewhat mysterious—little quarrel with Cambodia's vain, unpredictable leader, Prince Norodom Sihanouk.

The U.S. was rudely rebuffed. Sending Acheson out to Cambodia on a



SIHANOUK (AT BASKETBALL TOURNEY)

Friendship didn't help.

peacemaking mission would be fine, declared the Prince, but only on three conditions: 1) that Washington apologize for the U.S. diplomat who described as "barbarous" Radio Cambodia's tasteless comments on John F. Kennedy's assassination, 2) a formal withdrawal by U.S. diplomats of a question asking whether the "Cambodian government had rejoiced over Kennedy's death," 3) and the closing down of a radio station that Sihanouk claimed was run by CIA in Laos or Thailand for the purpose of sending subversive broadcasts into Cambodia.

Washington termed Sihanouk's conditions "totally unacceptable." In fact, Sihanouk is probably only taunting the U.S. out of fear of the Red Chinese and wants to avoid an overt diplomatic break. Sihanouk is still anxious for a Geneva Conference to guarantee Cambodian neutrality, but such a conference is meaningless without U.S. participation. As Sihanouk himself said last week after closing Cambodia's embassy in London, "It appears necessary, without a diplomatic break, to put our relations in slumber."

SOUTH KOREA

Fatigues to Flannels

Seoul was decked in all its festive finery last week as South Korea observed the end of two years, seven months and one day of military dictatorship. Buses were garlanded with wreaths and newly made flags decorated storefronts and streetcars. The midnight curfew was lifted for the day, and 5,000 prison inmates were released on amnesty. In a bone-chilling drizzle before the national capitol building, 15,000 shivering spectators watched former military Strongman General Park Chung Hee, 46, take the oath of office as South Korea's fifth civilian President. Promising "never to permit the resurgence of dictatorship under any disguise or pretext," Park said: "The bright morning of the new republic has dawned. Let us put depression, melancholy, confusion and pessimism behind us and create a new history of optimism and determination."

Despite Park's ringing words, the only real change in South Korea's government is from military fatigues to civilian flannels. Under the new constitution, the President has almost dictatorial powers, and though Park's Democratic-Republican Party garnered only 34% of the vote in the National Assembly elections, the opposition was so split that the D.R.P. has a whopping, 45-seat parliamentary plurality. Though Park pleaded for national unity, Opposition Leader Yun Po Sun, who barely lost the presidential election, boycotted the Assembly's opening session, and other dissident Assemblymen threatened to investigate the corruption prevalent under Park's military junta.

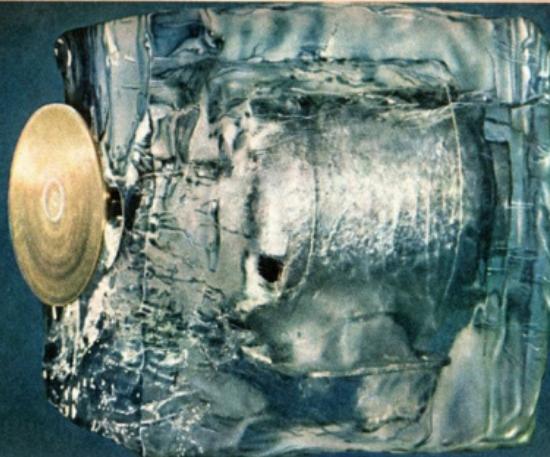
Far more menacing to Park is South Korea's chaotic economy. In the past year, retail prices have climbed 40%, and some 10% of the labor force is unemployed. Foreign exchange reserves have plummeted to \$105 million. Desperate for a new dollop of U.S. economic aid, Park invited a U.S. congressional delegation to his inauguration. But the U.S. has slashed next year's total aid commitment by \$54 million to \$236 million, hopes to pressure Park into stabilizing the economy.

A continuing dictatorship in South Korea is not very palatable to the U.S. But with his dictatorial powers, Park can at least promise a degree of political stability.

UNITED NATIONS

Potent Pygmy

In Manhattan last week, the U.N. grew to a total of 113 members with the admission of the newly independent states of Zanzibar and Kenya. Zanzibar consists of two small islands in the Indian Ocean, with a total population of 310,000, or about that of Omaha. Nevertheless, Zanzibar has one vote in the General Assembly, and is thus equal in voting power with such nuclear giants as the Soviet Union and the U.S.



Space Age Test No. 1: Will run fine at 320°F below



Space Age Test No. 2: Will run fine at 1500°F above

This amazing electric motor was developed at the Westinghouse research laboratories. It will operate reliably in the heat and radiation of a nuclear engine.

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This team developed a special alloy for the shaft, a new ceramic insulation and

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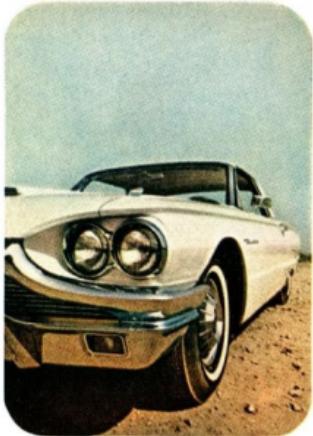
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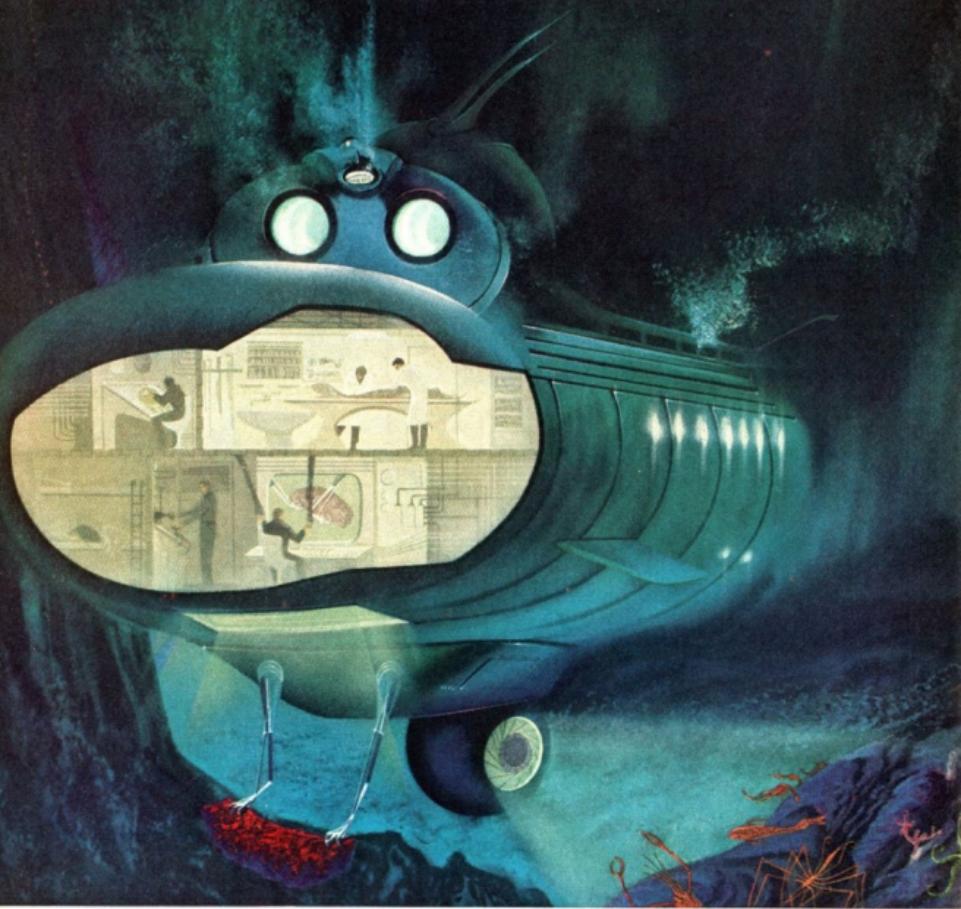
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Inco develops tough steel that could permit undersea study in depth

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sile cases...supersonic airframe components...pressure vessels and countless applications in the future. Nickel-containing maraging steels—another example of how Inco is exploring new ways for Nickel to serve you. For a stimulating booklet on new design concepts in maraging steels, write to Dept. K-44, The International Nickel Company, Inc., N. Y. 10005.

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THE HEMISPHERE

BOLIVIA

Free at Last

"The deal's been made," shouted a stubble-bearded Bernard Riffkin. "I'm getting the hell out of here!" And out he went, elbowing past the bowler-hatted women guards, and down the narrow stairs to the dirt street below. After him tumbled three more Americans and 13 other hostages, as their surprised lady jailers shrieked at them to halt. "The uncertainty was the signal to move," Michael A. Kristula recalled later. "I said to myself that if the crowd outside was hostile, all we could do was go up the stairs again. But the crowd was friendly."

This ended ten days of imprisonment in the dingy tin miners' union hall at Siglo Veinte, 135 miles from the Bolivian capital of La Paz. Until the end, there was no certainty that the men—pawns in a power struggle between Bolivia's moderate President Víctor Paz Estenssoro and its leftist Vice President Juan Lechin—would get out alive. Even after Lechin backed down, many of the rebellious miners whom he leads seemed in a mood to set off a civil war in the bleak Andean nation. They demanded that Lechin appear personally before them to explain why the hostages should be released while two of their own men—far leftist union leaders accused of murder—remained in a government jail in La Paz.

Grudging Hands. A fine drizzle fell over the 14,000-ft.-high plateau as Lechin arrived at Siglo Veinte. With him were the Archbishop of La Paz, U.S. Consul Charles Thomas, TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott, and six other newsmen. A mine siren sounded, and 3,500 grimy miners gathered in front of the union hall. Many of them were in an ugly mood. "Down with the stooges of Yankee imperialism," they chanted. "To the wall! To the wall!" A note of urgent pleading in his voice, Lechin told them that President Paz Estenssoro had promised a fair trial for the jailed union men. "Down with Paz Estenssoro!"

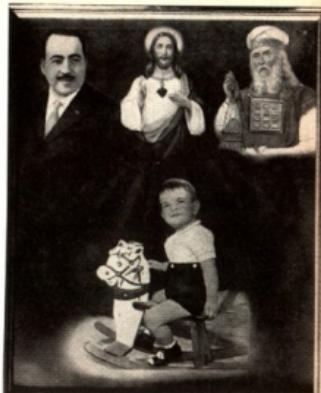
howled the miners angrily. "About midway through," recalled U.S. Consul Thomas afterwards, "I began looking around for the embassy car in case I had to clear out fast."

Lechin used the kind of argument he thought would be effective in such a tense situation. The Bolivian government and the Yankees in Washington didn't care if the hostages died; in fact it would provide an excuse to attack Siglo Veinte. Three thousand government troops were nine miles away; there would be much bloodshed. Naturally, said Lechin, he put little faith in the government's promises. "I have my doubts about this agreement. But the fact is that the life of this community is at stake." At last, with a grudging show of hands the miners voted to accept his deal and release their hostages.

Listening to all this in their temporary prison over the square, the hostages hopefully rounded up their things but dared make no move while for 5½ hours the miners milled around outside. Finally, at 7 p.m., Riffkin led the charge down the stairs, into the waiting convoy of government vehicles, and away down the hill.

Home for Christmas. After passing two roadblocks of suspicious rifle-toting miners, the hostages arrived three hours later in Oruro, where U.S. Ambassador Douglas Henderson had roast beef and drinks waiting. After a good night's sleep, the four Americans—AID Labor Adviser Riffkin, USAID Officers Kristula and Thomas Martin, and Peace Corpsman Robert Fergersrom—flew on to La Paz for a tearful reunion with their wives. And from there, as President Johnson's orders, they would be flown home to the U.S. to spend Christmas.

The end of the affair was a considerable victory for President Paz Estenssoro, who intends to run for re-election in May. Lechin, with 40,000 heavily armed, well organized miners at his back, refused to concede defeat, but that is what it was.



ZARUR & FAMILY
Politics in a bizarre myst.

BRAZIL

Man from Above

The music from the soundtrack of *The Ten Commandments* swells to a crescendo, then fades as a clapping chant, "Za-rur—Za-rur," fills the loudspeakers. "Brothers," a soft voice intones, "Jesus Christ told me I should be President of Brazil. But Jesus is not my campaign manager. I am his. If I win, Jesus will govern. I will deliver Brazil into the hands of God. The people are waking up and saying, 'I want Jesus to rule Brazil.'"

Every afternoon and evening, Alzirio Zarur, 48, a squat, balding, onetime actor who now bills himself as Jesus' latter-day apostle, speaks to millions of Brazilians from Rio to the pampas borders of Uruguay. "I am not from left, from right or from center but from above," he says.

"I Knew Everything." A screwball? Not in Brazil, which has always had an affinity for mystics. In these troubled days for Brazil of squabbling politicians, wild inflation and widespread cynicism, there is a longing for someone to save the country, and this longing makes Zarur a possible candidate for the 1965 presidential elections. A recent poll in São Paulo and Rio gave Zarur 6% of the vote and fourth place among presidential candidates—trailing only ex-President Juscelino Kubitschek, Governors Carlos Lacerda of Guanabara State and Adhemar de Barros of São Paulo State. Even before the poll, claim Zarur's lieutenants, Kubitschek offered him second place on the Kubitschek ticket. Zarur stayed with Jesus.

A onetime student of voodoo, Zarur grew up memorizing the Bible and studying mysticism. In 1932 he drifted into radio as a writer and actor. In 1948, as the story goes, a medium brought him a message from St. Francis of Assisi: "The time for the mission has arrived." "What mission?" asked Zarur. "Read the book about him,"



AMERICAN HOSTAGES WITH FAMILIES AFTER RELEASE
Pawns in a bizarre power struggle.



BETANCOURT & LEONI (IN CIVILIAN DRESS) WITH MILITARY CHIEFS
One up and one to go on.

said the medium, "and you will understand." Zarur went back to a book by St. Francis, and suddenly "I knew everything. All I had to do was begin."

Zarur first launched an inspirational radio program called *The Hour of Good Will*, two years later founded the Legion of Good Will, which now claims 600,000 members. With donations pouring in, he set up good-will orphanages, pharmacies, clinics, soup kitchens, and mobile units that offered food, clothing and medical aid. In 1962 Zarur founded the Party of Good Will with the motto "Power, Truth, Goodness," and the cry "Zarur for President."

The Party of Machos. Political GHQ for Zarur is Rio's powerful (50 kw.) "Radio Mundial," which he bought in 1956 for \$187,500. On his office wall is a composite photo of "the holy family." From left to right: Zarur, Jesus and Moses, with Zarur's five-year-old son sitting beneath. On the air 24 hours a day, Mundial carries only a minimum of sports, newscasts and commercials. Most of the time it is Zarur. Zarur politicking: "Why do women like our party? Because we are the party of *machos*! We satisfy our women!" (Studio audience: "Viva Jesus!"). Zarur faith-healing, with "magnetized water": "If you believe, put your glass beside the radio. Concentrate. Now take your medicine and be healed."

Brazil's newspapers hoot at Zarur. The Protestant churches deplore him, spiritualist sects repudiate him, and Rio's Roman Catholic Auxiliary Archbishop Dom Helder Câmara calls him a heretic. Says Zarur: "I don't say I am comparable to Christ, but my followers do." Then he pleads their case: "Look, my enemies call me a thief, a heretic, a sorcerer. Well, they called Jesus all those things as well. I was born on Dec. 25th, the same day as Jesus was, and I also received a message from St. Francis on my 33rd birthday, the same age as Christ when he was crucified." Mere coincidence? Says Zarur: "Destiny makes coincidences. Coincidences make destiny."

VENEZUELA The Care & Feeding of Generals

In other lands, the assurance might have been regarded as unnecessary—or impudent. But in Venezuela it mattered. As outgoing President Rómulo Betancourt and President-elect Raúl Leoni reviewed an air force anniversary parade recently, Colonel Francisco Miliani Aranguren, the air force commander, stepped forward. The military, promised Aranguren, "will remain loyal to the 3,000,000 compatriots who went to the polls to choose our next President."

In the past 21 months, six constitutionally chosen Presidents have been deposed in Latin America by the armed forces. A military tolerance of a democratic regime is especially remarkable in Venezuela. During Venezuela's 133 years as a republic, no constitutional President has ever completed his term, and 16 out of 24 Presidents have been generals. Venezuela's favorite sports, goes the Caracas joke, are *bolas, caña y golpes*—rumors, rum and military coups.

Polishing Brass. Venezuela's tigers may be changing their stripes. In his nearly five years in office, Betancourt has become that most unusual of Latin American politicians: a moderate leftist who gets along with the conservative colonels and generals. With luck, his successor, Leoni, should be able to continue the arrangement.

Betancourt learned his lesson when he first came to power in 1945, as provisional President after a coup by junior officers. He tried to ram through drastic economic and social reforms, but his successor paid too little attention to the military. Within three years, his *Acción Democrática* party was turned out by another coup that led to the brutal, ten-year rule of Dictator Marcos Pérez

* Argentina's Arturo Frondizi, Peru's Manuel Prado, Guatemala's Miguel Ydígoras Fuentes, Ecuador's Carlos Arrospide, Dominican Republic's Juan Bosch, Honduras' Ramón Villeda Morales.

Jiménez, a general. His next chance at office, Betancourt went all out to convince the small (33,000 men) but powerful armed forces that they had nothing to fear from democracy.

In his inauguration speech, Betancourt promised that no Communists would be allowed in his government. He held the military to 10% of Venezuela's budget, yet still managed to buy new arms and jet trainers. Officers were promoted on merit, not a dictator's whim. Military personnel were extended easy credit for off-post housing. On trips to the backlands, Betancourt called first on local garrisons. He visited army engineers on remote road-building projects, dropped in for Christmas caroling with the troops, and always had time for a little brass polishing at regimental anniversary celebrations.

Golden Exile. For safety's sake, Betancourt cleaned out the worst of the *golpistas*. But he was discreet about it. Many a coup-minded officer was quietly "retired" with pay, or shipped off to "golden exile" in a diplomatic post. To other officers, Betancourt preached the sermon: "Your only party is Venezuela." The armed forces had a "patriotic duty" to help make democracy work.

Furthermore, Betancourt took his military chiefs into his political confidence. They were consulted on opposition to Castro, petroleum policy and other executive decisions. When his regime was subjected to terrorist attacks and a rightist assassination plot, the armed forces backed him all the way. The military's finest hour came in the 1962 uprising of a small group of marines and Red-led civilians at the Puerto Cabello naval base. The air force mounted blazing air attacks, and loyal troops crushed the rebels in vicious street fighting that cost 300 casualties.

Will of the Majority. Last February, 400 officers stood on the Maiquetía airport tarmac to see Betancourt off on a trip to visit President Kennedy in Washington. Ignoring protocol, Betancourt shook hands with one and all. On his return, he told 1,200 officers all about the trip. Last month, when Castroite terrorists tried to wreck the presidential election, Defense Minister General Antonio Briceño Linarez went on radio and TV with an election-eve speech: "There will be no disorder, there will be no civil war. Only the will of the majority of Venezuelans will exist." And to convince the terrorists, the military brought in 25,000 troops.

President-elect Leoni lacks Betancourt's fiery personal appeal, but he is an old and shrewd politician who should know a successful campaign when he sees one. He starts out with promises of loyalty from a younger, better educated, more politically sophisticated and more professional army. Whether he keeps the loyalty depends on his success as President. In the old *golpista* tradition, many officers still consider it their duty, as ultimate guardians of their country, to remove a President who fails.

PEOPLE

In 1958, he spent Christmas with U.S. troops in the Arctic, and now New York's **Francis Cardinal Spellman**, 74, was headed the other way, saying, "I don't want to slight the South Pole." He will spend Yuletide with the men assigned to U.S. Antarctic bases. It might be chilly, but the trip offers an unaccustomed bonus. Spellman will celebrate three Christmas Masses because of the international date line; a midnight Mass at McMurdo, then an 800-mile flight for a Christmas Day Mass at Byrd, and finally across the date line for another midnight Mass at the Amundsen-Scott South Pole station. "I only hope," he said as he left, "that those whom I meet will be as happy to see me as I will be to see them."

A sad and sickly old man was coming home after five years of self-imposed exile over his Communist sympathies. **Paul Robeson**, 74, has not sung publicly in almost two years, has been living in a London nursing home, except for the last four months, when he was taken to East Berlin for what his far-leftist wife, Eslanda, described as "a medical examination." Now "he is to all intents and purposes retired," says Eslanda, who does practically all the talking. "He does not wish to see anyone or give any interviews. Nor does he wish to be photographed, because he has lost a lot of weight and is very self-conscious about being thin."

The rain in Spain may stay mainly in the plain, but the golf balls are likely to land anywhere—just like at home. Still, **Rita Hayworth**, 44, finds it a lot rougher on the set of *Circus World*, where she is playing a sawdust star on the skids. The cast has already sur-

vived a boat's capsizing in Barcelona, a flood while on location in Toledo, and is getting ready for the big tent-fire scene at Madrid's Retiro Park. So she heads for the Club de Campo with her 18-19 handicap to bash the pill around when she gets to relax. The flaming red hair is strawberry-blonde now, and her film role casts her as the mother of *Claudia Cardinale*. But the erstwhile Sadie Thompson still has the gams to make shorts worth wearing.

June is for brides and December for polar bears. But the couple had already been waiting for three years because everybody thought they were too young. So the wind blew, the temperature dropped to 23°, and Actor **Brandon de Wilde**, 21, who played in *The Member of the Wedding* at seven, and Manhattan Deb **Susan Margot Maw**, 18,



CELESTE
Shape in a bottle.



SUSAN & BRANDON
Out in the warm.

got married anyway. Then they headed south for a warming honeymoon, which meant that Susan was leaving her studies at Bryn Mawr, to say nothing of the holiday ball at which she was scheduled to debut.

Love and marriage? For five years Film Stars **Romy Schneider**, 25, and **Alain Delon**, 28, had one without the other. But last week Romy returned to their Paris apartment from Hollywood, and there, instead of Alain, was a bouquet of red roses and a note: "Ma chérie, je regrette."

Anyone can vote, and as many times as possible. The brewers report that the volume is so great that they don't even count the ballots—they weigh them. This year the heaviest pile of the lot belonged to **Celeste Yarnall**, a lissome, blue-eyed Hollywood hopeful from Long Beach, Calif., who beat out five

other would-be beer queens to become the 25th Miss Rheingold. And what does she have to say? She likes golf, swimming, tennis, bowling, cooking, baking, painting, and she is looking for a man "who will share my interest in drama and the arts as well as a man with whom I can enjoy outdoor activities I find so necessary for relaxation." Sounds like a beer drinker, all right.

They said it would never fly when Orville and Wilbur Wright built the *Kitty Hawk* for \$1,000 in 1903, but they were wrong. And they said it would never fly when volunteers finished a replica of the craft. This time they were right. The plane is destined to sit in the Wright Museum in Kitty Hawk, N.C., and so the engine has no pistons. It was built to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the first powered flight, and Astronaut **John Glenn**, 42, was on hand to see how it all started. The space program, he said, is no different from the Wright flight. "The basic purpose is exploration or curiosity. I feel the whole program would be worthwhile even if there were no Russia. Otherwise it would be like saying that Columbus shouldn't have tried unless he were in competition with the Chinese."

'Midst laurels stood: **Archibald MacLeish**, 71, named Amherst's poet in residence to succeed the late Robert Frost; Playwright-Producer **Sir Tyrone Guthrie**, 63, installed in the honorary post of chancellor of Queen's University in Belfast, succeeding Britain's late World War II strategist, Lord Alanbrooke; Poet and Critic **Allen Tate**, 64, awarded the \$5,000 Chancery and William Booth Fellowship of the Academy of American Poets by a board of such peers as W. H. Auden and Randall Jarrell; Architect **Le Corbusier** (born Charles-Edouard Jeanneret-Gris), 76, promoted to *grand officier*, next to highest rank of France's Legion of Honor.



RITA
Playing the game.

THE PRESS

PRESS CONFERENCES

Homespun Assurance

The 56 newsmen waited impatiently for Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger. They were at the White House for Salinger's usual press briefing, and he was, as usual, late. When Salinger finally appeared, though, it was not to hold court himself. Instead he led the whole crowd down the hall to the capacious office of another White House official: Lyndon B. Johnson.

For the next half-hour, a little stiffly at first, the President held the informal kind of press conference that he prefers. The reporters simply crowded around —NBC's Herb Kaplow used Johnson's desk to write on—as the President, hands in pockets, eyes downcast, paced back and forth as if measuring his answers. "Is this the type of press conference you intend to hold?" the Baltimore Sun's Bill Knighton asked. Repiled Johnson: "We will do what comes naturally. Maybe it will be a meeting of this kind today, maybe a televised meeting tomorrow, with maybe a coffee session the next day. We always want to be flexible."

On the Hill. Only a month in office Johnson has already indicated that flexibility and naturalness will guide his engagements with the press. That was how it was when Johnson was still on the Hill: a sudden summons, an easy confab over coffee, or perhaps a whisky highball. Last week's impromptu get-together was the second such for White House newsmen. The President has also paid his social respects to most of the syndicated political columnists. Last week, officials of the three television networks were his lunch guests.

The style may be reminiscent of Franklin Roosevelt, whom Johnson served and admired; Roosevelt's press

conferences were about as breezy as such affairs can get. But the technique is very much Johnson's own, and it is tailored to his personality. Some columnists, drawing comparisons with the large-scale televised conferences that Kennedy held in the State Department auditorium, thought that Johnson lacks the qualities for that sort of performance. "Although he has an alert mind," wrote New York Post Washington Columnist William V. Shannon, "he does not have Mr. Kennedy's blotting-paper memory for facts and details. He does not have Mr. Kennedy's wit."

Only to Ask. Perhaps not—although Johnson acquitted himself well last week, mixing homespun answers and facts and figures with impressive assurance. Even Kennedy did not feel entirely easy in the gang conference, and to a degree had become its prisoner. Moreover, Johnson's cozy, manageable and unheralded press assemblies may very well liberate more news. And any time the President wants to go on TV, he has only to ask.

MAGAZINES

Publishing Paper & Ink

The world of magazine publishing is haunted by a handful of entrepreneurs who hold that the ingredients of success consist almost entirely of paper and ink. They are not particularly interested in mail subscribers or advertisers, although they accept such business as comes in unsolicited. Nor are they concerned much with the quality of their editorial product, relying on the probability that there are newsstand suckers who will buy anything. No one has applied this publishing theory with more personal satisfaction than a one-time freelance writer named Hy Steirman.

Steirman first tested the proposition

in 1958, when he bought two exposé magazines, *Whisper* and *Confidential*, from their former publisher, Robert Harrison, who had been fined \$10,000 for publishing obscenity. Under Steirman, the magazines have become about as racy as racing programs, and combined newsstand sales have dropped to \$10,000 from a peak of 4,100,000. But Steirman claims that both are in the black. In 1961, he resurrected *Blue Book*, a man's magazine dropped by McCall Corp. five years earlier as a bad job. Steirman's *Bluebook for Men* has a newsstand sale of only 150,000 and no detectable merit, but it is breaking even.

This month Steirman tried again with *Coronet*, a 25-year-old offshoot of *Esquire*, that was put to death in 1961; although it had a monthly circulation of 3,000,000, it was losing big money. Steirman's revival bears only superficial resemblance to the earlier magazine. Even the title may not be his: *Esquire* sold it to *Reader's Digest*, which is now contesting in court Steirman's right to use it. But Paper-and-Ink Publisher Hy Steirman is convinced that his re-incarnated *Coronet* will make money—if he can keep the name.

Obscenity's Price

For the last six months, Ralph Ginzburg, 34, publisher of *Eros*, a hardcover quarterly "devoted to the joys of love," has proudly held up distribution of *Eros*' fifth issue. Convicted on 28 charges of mailing obscenity (TIME, June 21), Ginzburg was waiting to hear what sentence the judge would hand down. Last week in U.S. District Court in Philadelphia, Ginzburg heard some harsh words. Judge Ralph C. Body sentenced *Eros*'s publisher to five years in federal prison and fined him and his three publishing firms \$42,000.

Besides *Eros*, Ginzburg also published a scatological newsletter called *Liaison* and a book, *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*, written by a promiscuous housewife. U.S. District Attorney Drew J. T. O'Keefe agreed with the defense contention that Ginzburg was not the ordinary, back-alley sort of smut-peddler. "He's worse," said O'Keefe, and asked the court for "the most substantial sentence it possibly can give." Ginzburg said he would appeal.

REPORTERS

Science of Reporting

When the atomic age dawned in July 1945 on the New Mexican desert, William L. Laurence of the New York Times was the only reporter there—although security prevented him from printing a word for a month. On Aug. 9, 1945, he rode with the B-29 bomber that obliterated Nagasaki. He once talked Harry Truman into sending a clandestine Government expedition to Africa, in quest of a rare plant from which cortisone could be produced. Leading scientists were more than his informants; they were also his friends,



PRESIDENT JOHNSON & WHITE HOUSE NEWSMEN
A new page in the style book.



BEN MARTIN

THE TIMES'S LAURENCE

An experience for some young fellows.

who respected his ability to translate the labyrinthine mysteries of their profession into language that almost anyone could understand. Last week, not without regret, Science Editor Bill Laurence, 75, announced that he is retiring after 33 years on the Times.

All respectable newspapers have science reporters now, but when Laurence's career began, such specialized journalists were rare. Good ones were rarer. Laurence not only reported science with exceptional competence but managed to be something of a scientist himself. A suggestion of his set Squibb Laboratories on the track that led to synthesis of the drug sulfadiazine. Another Laurence idea proposed a new avenue of cancer research. He was intrigued by the action of an antivitamin substance that apparently starved cancer cells, and so impressed was the American Association for the Advancement of Science that Laurence was asked to rewrite his Times story—in suitably abstruse prose—for the association's journal.

Wild Chance. Nothing like science or journalism was in the mind of the young Orthodox Jew who smuggled himself out of Russia in a sauerkraut barrel. He arrived in the U.S. in 1905 with 50¢ and an unnegotiable name: Yehuda-Leib Siew. This he changed to William Laurence—the surname chosen for the street he lived on in Boston. He taught himself a kind of English by comparing Russian and English versions of Shakespearean plays and practiced on unamused trolley conductors: "Holla, sirrah, wouldst prithee halt!"

The wildest of chance deflected Laurence into newspapering. After graduation from Harvard ('12), he earned a law degree at Boston University and went to New York. There, a well-connected Harvard classmate took him to a party at the Long Island home of Herbert Bayard Swope, publisher of the old New York World. A popular party

game, "Ask Me Another," was in progress, and to the mortification of the host, who fancied himself as the reigning champion, Laurence won. "Who are you—and why?" demanded Swope of the interloper and offered him a reporter's job on the World.

Chance also governed Laurence's switch to reporting science. Unhappy at the World, which gave him such bizarre assignments as locating a minor Russian spy (Laurence produced the man in 90 minutes flat), in 1930 he asked the New York Times for a job. When the Times offered him one as science reporter on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, Laurence took it.

Open Mind. By 1934, he was savvy enough to ask his friend Albert Einstein a prophetic question: could man unlock the atom's energy? Einstein's reply: "No, never. We are marksmen shooting at birds in the dark, and in a country where there are very few birds."

Laurence did not entirely concur with this prediction, even though it came from Einstein. He has the scientist's habit of storing odd bits of information until they mesh, and by 1939 a pattern had begun to form. Routinely covering a scientific meeting at Columbia University that year, he carefully noted the heavy concentration of nuclear physicists and repeated allusions to "chain reaction," a phrase that meant little to him at the time. But by the following May, a story of his gave Times readers an advance look at the awesome energy packed into an isotope of uranium called U-235.

His grasp of the subject was so comprehensive, in fact, that the War Department drafted him in 1945 for a special mission with the secret Manhattan Project. It was Laurence's duty to write the story of the development of the A-bomb, against the day when the Government could release it.

Flown to Tinian on Aug. 5, 1945, to ride over Hiroshima with the crew of the *Enola Gay*, Laurence was bumped off the plane by Curtis LeMay, had to console himself by talking the copilot into keeping a log. Laurence's 3,000-word story had clearance, but a military censor on Tinian made him boil it down to 500 words—and for some reason the dispatch was then short-stopped on Guam. It never got out at all. The first newspaper accounts of the Hiroshima bomb consisted of stories prewritten by Laurence and others weeks before.

The prospect of retirement does not particularly please Bill Laurence. He plans to add a few more titles to his list of three published books, and he will take a position next year as consultant to the New York Science Museum at the New York World's Fair. But when he steps out of Times harness next week, he will leave the paper's science department far stronger than he found it. Six Timesmen now patrol the beat, all of whom had the chance to watch a pro in action, and all of whom surely gained by the experience.

AMERICA IS TALKING ABOUT

THE CARDINAL
AN OTTO PREMINGER FILM

THE LAW

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

The Perils of Mexican Divorce

Endless publicity had made it abundantly plain: Actor Richard Burton had been in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, for six months making a new movie, *Night of the Iguana*. Nor was it any secret that his wife Sybil had felt no urge to join him there. But last week Sybil Burton traveled to Mexico by proxy. A local lawyer appeared for her in a State of Jalisco court, and she divorced Burton for "cruelty." He will marry Liz Taylor "as soon as possible—the sooner the better," after she sheds Eddie Fisher. For Liz, 31, Dick will be No. 5.

The Burtons thus became one of the 10,000 or so non-Mexican couples who each year consummate a Mexican divorce in the not-quite-polygamous mar-

court, pays one dollar, and gets a slip of paper certifying that she is indeed in Juárez.

With the paper she acquires instant residence, the chief attraction of Mexican divorces. (Nevada and Idaho require all of six weeks; Alabama, once an easy-divorce state, now requires a full year's residence.) It takes only another few minutes for the judge to grant a divorce; by Chihuahua law, his court now has jurisdiction over the visitor. All further steps will be handled by the Mexican lawyer. The new divorcee gets her elaborate Spanish decree with its impressive ribbons and seals. Legal costs can amount to as little as \$500, or as much as the traffic will bear.

Bigamists & Bribes. The catch is in the key concept of jurisdiction. Unless the Juárez court also has jurisdiction



EDDIE



DICK & LIZ
But is it legal?



SYBIL

riage ritual that has been called "serial monogamy," Mexican divorces are relatively inexpensive and remarkably swift. But are they also legal?

Perhaps. Some lawyers hold that almost all Mexican divorces obtained by Americans are entirely worthless. Other divorce-law experts insist that the situation is not all that bad, that a correctly handled Mexican divorce is perfectly valid in most of the 50 states. But if someone contests it later, defending a Mexican quickie-cheapie can prove long-drawn-out, costly and uncertain.

Instant Residence. At the start all seems wondrously easy. The average wife who hates her average husband and has an average competent lawyer, can get on a plane to El Paso, say, and be back home the next day—divorced. From El Paso she crosses the border to Juárez in the Mexican state of Chihuahua. She makes her way past bars and tacky tourist shops to the Municipal Palace, where she meets a Mexican lawyer by prearrangement, signs the great registration ledger of the clerk of the

over the other partner to the marriage, that partner can upset the divorce in his home state simply by bringing it to court. The practice until recently has been to arrange for two Mexican lawyers in Juárez, one with power of attorney for the absent spouse. The judge also incorporates into the divorce the Stateside agreement in which husband and wife settled property, alimony, and custody of children.

But will even such careful legal foresight stand up? Mexican lawyers not in the divorce trade point with a glint of malice to the Mexican federal law requiring foreigners to get divorces by the laws of Mexico City, which do not permit divorce by mutual consent as in Chihuahua. By these rules, some lawyers claim, many thousands of U.S. citizens are unintentional bigamists.

"A Fraud upon the State." The chief practical safeguard is that most Mexican divorces have the consent of both husband and wife, and few people back out later. But when third parties—disinherited children, later spouses, pen-

sion fund administrators—have an interest in the case, they may have grounds for successful court attacks.

There is still a prevalent concept in U.S. law that only the state of "domicile"—where the parties really live—has power to end marriages. State courts may question whether Mexico has jurisdiction to grant a valid divorce to people with their return plane reservations in their pockets. Thus, many lawyers would agree with California's Judge Roger Alton Pfaff: "A Mexican divorce is really a fraud upon the state where the parties are domiciled."

THE CONSTITUTION

Nobody Here but Us Reds

For an organization dedicated to the overthrow of U.S. democracy, the Communist Party of the U.S. has taken abundant advantage of the legal protection that democracy provides. Ever since 1950, when the Internal Security Act went into effect, the Government has been trying to compel the party to register as a "Communist action organization" and furnish lists of its members, income sources and expenditures. During all that time, invoking its rights under the U.S. Constitution, the Communist Party has successfully fended off wave after wave of Justice Department lawyers.

Last year in the U.S. District Court in Washington, a jury finally found the Communist Party guilty of failing to register, and Judge Alexander Holtzoff imposed a \$120,000 fine. When a newsman asked one of the Communist Party's lawyers, Joseph Forer, whether he regarded the trial as the "culmination" of the long battle, the answer was indignant: "Culmination? Are you out of your mind? This is the beginning of a new round." Right he was. In Washington last week, a three-judge panel of the U.S. Court of Appeals struck down the 1962 conviction.

What the Court of Appeals decided was that the Fifth Amendment's guarantee against self-incrimination protected the Communist Party against prosecution for failure to register. Any member who came forward to register for the party, the court reasoned, would automatically incriminate himself. Present statutes, said the opinion written by Chief Judge David L. Bazelon, brand the Communist Party as a criminal conspiracy. "Mere association with the party incriminates." Rejecting the Government's argument that the party could have found a volunteer to register for it, the court said that it could not "assume without proof that anyone is willing to submit data the possession of which implies an intimate knowledge of the party's workings."

The Court of Appeals decision now sends the case back to the district court "with instructions to grant a new trial if the government shall request it, or in the absence of such a request, to enter a judgment of acquittal."

SUPREME COURT

On Narrow Grounds

N.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, American Civil Liberties Union, U.S. Justice Department—the names vary, but to the Southern segregationist the meaning remains the same: they are outside agitators or Northern troublemakers. Yet it was just those agitators who took the trouble to stand up in the Supreme Court last week and defend two segregationists of the National States Rights Party, perhaps the most vehement exponent of racism and religious bigotry in the U.S.

If States Rights Information Director Edward Fields and Youth Organizer Robert Lyons were embarrassed by their odd assortment of legal defenders, they had no reason to complain. In a curt, unsigned decision, the Court found in favor of both men and reversed the Alabama courts that had found them guilty of violating an injunction.

Whites' Rights. Fields and Lyons came to Fairfield, Ala., in October 1961, and passed out handbills to announce a public States Rights meeting: "NIGGERS DEMAND MIXED SCHOOLS!" The city of Fairfield promptly got a court injunction forbidding both the handbills and the meeting. Fields and Lyons went to their hired hall, found a crowd of 150 waiting across the street, reported that the meeting had been transferred to the nearby town of Lipscomb, and gave away several copies of their party's newspaper, the Thunderbolt. They were arrested, found guilty of contempt, and sentenced to a \$50 fine and five days in jail.

When the case was carried to the Supreme Court, the appearance of the N.A.C.P., Legal Defense Fund and the A.C.L.U. for the defense was no abstract return of good for evil. It was a product of the realization that Southern ordinances and injunctions against meetings and handbills are most often intended to gag Negro protest. Injunctions such as the one issued against Fields and Lyons, argued the two organizations, are unconstitutional; they violate the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech.

No Evidence. But the argument the court accepted was the single point pressed by Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall. Urging the court to decide on narrower grounds, Marshall insisted that there had been no evidence offered that proved that Fields and Lyons had actually violated the injunction; Attorney Frank B. Parsons, representing Fairfield, merely argued that the two men had done "the damage they were enjoined from doing."

By taking the narrow route, the court avoided the argument that the First Amendment made the injunction unconstitutional and also avoided the fundamental question, sure to arise again, whether such an injunction must be obeyed until overturned in the courts.

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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Yale's Catholic Professor

The first U.S. colleges were founded by churches to train preachers and propagate particular denominations, but higher scholarship and declining sectarianism have more and more moved colleges to treat religion as a subject for study, like languages or history. Puritan-founded Yale, for example, which once banned even Episcopalians, now has a wide-ranging program of religious studies. Symbolic of the times, Yale last week announced a new chair for Roman Catholic studies—the first such permanent professorship at any non-sectarian U.S. university.*

Holder of Yale's new T. Lawrason Riggs Professorship in Religion, a \$500,000 chair set up by anonymous alumni in honor of a longtime Yale Catholic chaplain, is Stephen G. Kuttner, now at Catholic University in Washington, the nation's only lay professor of canon law and a model of the small-catholic manner. The son of a Jewish mother, German-born Lawyer Kuttner, 56, grew up as a Lutheran,



YALE'S KUTTNER
Fitting the man to the chair.

became a Catholic after fleeing the Nazis in 1933. He learned canon law as a refugee researcher in the Vatican library, became one of the world's top scholars in a field usually dominated by the clergy.

Kuttner, who speaks five languages and has nine children, is the founder-president of Catholic U.'s institute of medieval canon law; Yale will get the institute as well as the professor.

* Harvard's chair for Roman Catholic studies, founded in 1959 with the appointment of British Historian Christopher Dawson, is for visiting professors at the Divinity School.

TEACHING

Golden Words at Dartmouth

In the late 1940s, Dartmouth thought of David Lambuth as a campus character, the compleat English professor in his white suit and black cape, his white beard and black beret, driving his white Packard as absent-mindedly as he graded green freshmen. Older generations knew better. Professor Lambuth had a passion for precision in writing; he abhorred the vague and verbose, the prolix and pompous. And in 1923, when his beard was black and his energy abundant, Lambuth compiled *The Golden Book on Writing*, a 50-page bible that sounded positively Mosaic.

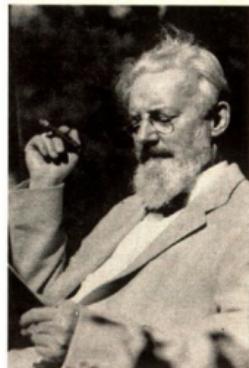
"Simple words for big ideas," barked the little book. "Exact words for exact thoughts." "Verbs are the sinews of speech." "Obscurity is not profundity. Neither is it art."

To Police the Prose. Such maxims honed the pens of such famed Lambuth protégés as Theodor Geisel (Dr. Seuss), Novelist Budd Schulberg, Poets Richard Eberhart and Richmond Lattimore. The book was long out of print when Lambuth died in 1948, but old grads treasured old copies, and not long ago Adman S. Heagan Bayles ('33) lovingly printed a new edition of 1,000 to police the prose at his Manhattan agency, Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles. This fall, courtesy of the ad agency rather than the English department, the Dartmouth business school joyfully revived *The Golden Book*.

Lambuth focused on the sentence, "the way in which mankind naturally thinks," calling its movement from subject to predicate "a sort of moving picture of thought." To follow the mind's natural order, he said, "keep your subject close to the beginning of your sentence" and "keep your verb as close to its object as possible." Avoid too many verbs; evoke the reader's imagination. "The fewer the words that can be made to convey an idea, the clearer and the more forceful that idea." Not *We walked down the main street, which was very long, but We walked down the long main street.*

A first draft should go as fast as the writer can think, said Lambuth. "Snail-paced writing never catches up with spontaneity—which is one of the greatest of the literary virtues." But rewriting is crucial—for example, to strengthen the beginning and the ending of each sentence, paragraph and the larger whole. Especially the endings: "What we hear last is usually the most vivid to us." Avoid grammatical fussiness: "In certain cases a preposition is the most emphatic word to end a sentence with." But worry about words: "There is rarely more than one right word to express an idea exactly. See that you get that one right word."

Lambuth despised inert verbs: "To be



DARTMOUTH'S LAMBUTH
Hitting the nail on the head.

is the weakest of all verbs because it merely joins two ideas together with a colorless glue." He liked verbs that are "busy doing or making something." Not *When Elizabeth was queen*, but *When Elizabeth reigned*. He sought concrete words standing for "material things which may be seen, touched, tasted, smelled or heard." No Lambuth student could write that a man *indulged in an act of generosity*; he wrote that a man *gave a dollar to a tramp*. Abstract: *He gave vehement and conclusive expression to his anger*. Concrete: *His fist landed squarely on the man's chin and put him down and out.*

To Transpire. As a product of Vanderbilt, Columbia, and Oxford, Lambuth had his scholar's quibbles. *To transpire* means "to come to light," he cried, not "to happen." *In hope of*, he insisted, not *in hopes of*. *Owing to* means "because of," he warned; *due to* means "because of." In the result of." In hope of making the difference between *will* and *shall* transpire, Lambuth brandished the Anglo-Saxon words, *willan* (to wish, to be about to) and *sculan* (to be obliged). If an act is owing to free will, he ordered, use "I will." If it is due to an outside force, use "I shall." *I will be married, but I shall be drafted.*

Still, the professor was no pedant. A China-born Southerner, he was the son of a Methodist missionary and the grandson of Nathan B. Forrest's chief of staff; he came to Dartmouth in 1913 after teaching in Brazil and ranching in California. For three decades, Lambuth asked only that students think hard and write straight, looking to such models as Bellow, Conrad, Chesterton and the English Bible. "Clear thinking and not a mastery of rules and a memory full of difficulties is what makes good writing," Lambuth summed up. "If you have a nail to hit, hit it on the head."

* Webster now accepts "to happen" as a synonym, but gives "to emit moisture, vapor, perfume, etc." as the first definition.

MUSIC

BANDS

But Only Use a 10¢ Comb

Red McKenzie of the Mound City Blue Blowers was the Benny Goodman of the kazoo and the Harry James of the musical comb, the man who made it a beautiful thing to be a comb player. The sound of McKenzie's melodic bzzz drifted off in the '30s, but his name is now revered in Cambridge, Mass., where Harvard students crowd into the Club 47 to hear the music of McKenzie's spiritual heirs: Jim Kwaskin and His Jug Band. On washtub, kazoo, stovepipe, scrub board and comb, Kwaskin's band plays old-fashioned "good time" music that folksy faddists have pronounced the most culturally significant phenomenon since Joan Baez.

A Fatter Sound. Jug music got started as "spasm" jazz bands played by Negroes who lacked the price of honest-to-God instruments, and now, after 30 years' obscurity, it has returned as a rebellion against the formality of Bluegrass—which itself was exhumed only two or three years ago. Both Kwaskin's band and New York's Even Dozen Jug Band have highly successful LPs on the market, and the demand for kazoos in Greenwich Village, where Kwaskin's group played at the Bitter End, is as great as it is in Boston. Kwaskin, a 23-year-old combist, got the band together for fun last winter, but now, with a nightclub booking in Hollywood a month away, he is steering himself against the coming commercialization of his art. "We'd have a hard time being anything but spontaneous," he says steadily.

Kwaskin and his men are the kind who worry about macrobiotic food and the yin and yang principle, and they talk about their instruments with great seriousness. "It's very important that you use a 10¢ comb," Kwaskin says. "The expensive ones are too thick to vibrate well. A lifetime supply of wax paper costs 29¢." Geoff Muldaur, 20, plays mandolin, guitar, kazoo and, most rewardingly, washboard. He was the National Washboard Co.'s "Soap Saver." Muldaur has modified his washboard by tacking it up against another washboard and stuffing old socks between the two grates, to "give it a fatter sound." Mouth-Harpist Mel Lyman, 25, distinguishes between his instrument and the harmonica by saying, "People who play the harmonica are hung up."

Pucker Up & Blow. The Jug Band's anchor man is Fritz Richmond, 24, a shaggy, red-haired bean pole who plays washtub, stovepipe and jug. He is so immersed in washtub playing that once, while in the Army, he got carried away and played a Quonset hut by nailing the door shut, stringing a wire from the doorknob to the tip of a 10-ft. pole and strumming. "It made a deep,

very deep sound," he says, lost in wonder at the effect. His present instrument is a \$2.49 Sears, Roebuck wash-tub, but metal fatigue forces him to buy a new one every month. Both the jug and the stovepipe—a huge crooked-necked whistle Richmond invented himself—are played by puckering up and blowing like hell. Three jug tunes in a row get Richmond so dizzy that he has taken to wearing a pair of steel-rimmed glasses with blue lenses so he won't look funny on the job.

Jug band music sounds like ragtime with hecklers, and when the Jug Band plays such oldtime tunes as *Sweet Sue* and *Coney Island Washboard*, the sounds it makes have a cheerful, giddy

tron, impresario, adviser and friend.

It was Kirstein who brought Balanchine to New York in 1933. As a wealthy young esthete at Harvard, he was a founder of the highbrow magazine *Hound and Horn* and Harvard's Society for Contemporary Art; but by the year of his graduation (1929), he had become a heart-struck balleromane. After seeing Balanchine's *Les Ballets 1933* in Paris, Kirstein persuaded the young Russian to bring the U.S. "a new art." In the 30 years since then, he has been Balanchine's unfailing champion, and has spent more than \$750,000 of his own money* to commission new music and ballets.

Kirstein is almost as intimately involved with the hopeful results of the Ford grants as is Balanchine: he is founder and director of the school and



KWESKIN WITH MUSTACHE & JUG BAND REHEARSING
The demand for kazoos is climbing.

quality. Much of the band's appeal is in the delight its audiences take in watching it work all its contraptions. "You can make a noise on everything here," says Washboardist Muldaur, "but it's hard to play a tune."

DANCE

A Ford in Its Future

When the Ford Foundation announced last week that it was blessing the future of American ballet with a staggering grant of \$7,756,000, the major share of the blessing seemed to be brightening the career of Choreographer George Balanchine. Of the total amount, nearly \$4,500,000 is going to the two cradles of Balanchine's art—\$2,000,000 to the New York City Ballet, \$2,425,000 to the School of American Ballet. The grants indeed entrust Balanchine with the future of classical dance in America. But though the honoree may be Balanchine's, the victory belongs to the man whose name followed Balanchine's in all the announcements: Lincoln Kirstein, 56, Balanchine's pa-

general director of the ballet company. Kirstein always intended the school to be national. "That has been my dream for 30 years," he says. Now, with its munificent grant, the school can pick and choose among the best students. "This almost approaches the Soviet system, which subsidizes not only the student but the student's family," says Kirstein. "It won't produce instant ballet, but it will give the ballet stability in which to develop."

The grants caused a flurry of pouts elsewhere in the dance world. The American Ballet Theater got nothing; nor did the entire field of modern dance. And though the foundation patiently announced that a grant to ballet did not preclude future grants to modern dance, this did not smooth the ruffled fur. "People stop me on the street," says Kirstein, "and tell me I'm taking bread out of their mouths."

* He inherited his wealth from his father, Louis Kirstein, philanthropist and vice president of Boston's Filene's department store until his death in 1942.



HAMLET MAKING PIT STOP
"O, why doesn't this heavy carcass of meat dissolve?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENE KORNBLUTH

THEATER ABROAD

Revised Standard Dane

Act III, Scene 1, Prince Hamlet is alone. "To be, or not to be—what the hell?" he intoned.

This was the new Hamlet of Franco Zeffirelli. Last year, in a choreography of flashing swords held like switchblades, the 28-year-old Italian director caused a transatlantic sensation by staging the Old Vic's final *Romeo and Juliet* as if it were an adaptation of *West Side Story*. This year, in a production that has become a Roman sellout, he has excised most of the melancholy from the melancholy Dane, replacing it with angry young slang and a revised standard version. "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt," for example, has become "Why doesn't this flesh, this heavy carcass of meat, dissolve?" The play is done in Italian in an almost corner-of-the-mouth modern idiom, with the grave-diggers speaking in hokey Neapolitan accents and Hamlet's pentametric arias flattened with words like "procrastination" and "bureaucracy."

Two Ghosts. Shakespeare, had he attended the Roman opening, might well have attributed the play to Francis Bacon. But Zeffirelli unashamedly claims that he has "found a vivid portrait acceptable to the layman, to the nonintellectual, to workmen, to taxi drivers. Our Hamlet can be identified by contemp-

rary humanity."

Not in language alone. As played by a blond and wild-eyed Giorgio Albertazzi (who was the mysterious lover in *Last Year at Marienbad*), Rome's Hamlet looks strikingly like the late James Dean. He wears tight slacks and a turtle-neck sweater, while the women wear vague gowns of no particular century in an attempt to universalize the audience's sense of time. King Hamlet's ghost is merely an offstage voice from the collective unconscious, but Freud's ghost has the free run of Elsinore: whenever Hamlet delivers a soliloquy, he takes refuge in a large hole in the center of the stage, getting in up to his knees, waist or neck, depending on the psychographic depth of the moment. "Nobody loves me or wants me to make a decent career in this lousy court," he whines.

Si, Si. Ophelia has men in her madness. In her last scene, she flings her dress up over her head with sexual ardor before a group of soldiers. "This vivid contrast to her initial purity," says Zeffirelli, "shows that in the mind of every middle-class well-bred girl the thought of sex exists in its wildest form."

Italian reaction was a resounding *si*,

SHOW BUSINESS

si to this, and indeed all of Zeffirelli's innovations. On a wind of high critical praise, the production settled down for a run of several months in a country where few plays ever last more than two weeks.

ACTORS

Squire Hugh

He owns a great rural manor and is undeniably gentry, but he is also a ruddy-faced, curly-haired, country clot. He snores in church, he eats with his fingers. He drinks and drinks and drinks some more from great pewter tankards; when angered, he absent-mindedly dashes beer into the face of a bulldog. He grabs young wenches by the backs of their skirts and topples them onto piles of new-mown hay. He is up to his pointed chin in geese, cattle, ducks, pigs, horses, and a yelping nation of dogs. Mornings, he can be found asleep on the hearth where he passed out, the coals of a great fire still dying beside him, a dog or two nestled in his arm pits.

In fact, one can almost smell Squire Western as Hugh Griffith plays him in the brimming and boisterous movie version of Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones*. With his huge unsynchronized eyes and a face like a Sheffield hatchet, Griffith embodies magnificently one of Fielding's greatest complements to that category of human character that defies heaven and hell, having a kind of rampantly benevolent diabolism unique to the earth.

All this may have been type casting's



GRIFFITH AS WESTERN
How could he fake it with bloody tea?

finest hour, for 51-year-old Hugh Griffith is a laughing, brawling, roistering Welshman who lives on 13 acres in Warwickshire, where he and his wife raise dogs, hay, a cow and donkeys. For lunch he munches double brandies, and when he does a drunk scene—as in his new movie, *The Bargee*, in which he plays a lock tender on a canal—he warms up with bolt after bolt of black velvet (champagne and stout). "Did they think I could fake it with bloody tea?" he asks. Almost by obvious right, the short, deep-voiced Griffith will play Falstaff next spring in Royal National Shakespeare Company performances commemorating the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth.

Prurient Hindquarters. At least three-fourths of all actors started as the rear half of a stage cow, but Griffith is the only one who still complains that the front half "stank to high heaven." Also, he brought new dimensions to the role by continually rubbing the cow's hindquarters pruriently against the scenery. He was ultimately trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and he has been in demand ever since, interrupted only by World War II, when he was stationed in Swansea town and became a close drinking friend of Dylan Thomas.

He has always been splendid in movies, from *Kind Hearts and Coronets* to *Ben-Hur*, in which he won an Oscar as the mock-sinister Sheik Ilderm, whose fine white horses won the chariot race. He first earned wide recognition on the West End stage as the leering General St. Pé in *Anouilh's Waltz of the Toreadors*, and on Broadway as Thomas Wolfe's father in *Look Homeward, Angel*. Last year, in *Doing Brecht's Caucasian Chalk Circle* in London, he nearly deprived the world of his future services when, during the hanging scene, he slipped off the box he was standing on and hanged himself in full view of the audience. After gurgling and turning black, he passed out. The curtain fell. He was cut down by his fellow actors. Coming to, he took a shot of brandy and got on with the show.

Part-Time Harem. His commitment to acting is thorough but not blind. "Acting is a means of doing what I want to do," he says, "which is living a normal life, and not the kind of stupid life most actors lead. I can't imagine not acting, but I'm in a very happy position. I can wait here in the country with the donkeys and the corgis, and pick and choose. I plan to do as I am doing, develop my little property, and have a little harem. Not a full-time harem, of course. That would be troublesome."

THE THEATER

Move Over, Sammy Glick

Nobody Loves an Albatross has as its hero-heel a man who can kiss his own reflection in a mirror and really mean it. Nat Bentley is a television writer-producer in Hollywood, but his most inspired production is his ebulliently malevolent self. He is an imp of distilled evil. He is a triple-tongued double dealer, a glib Vesuvius of fantasy and falsehood, a perpetual-emotion machine with nary an honest feeling.

He can cheat a writer out of a credit line if it were a selfless act of charity: "If I didn't have faith in you, do you think I'd put my name on your scripts?" He makes equivocation sound like grandeur: "I'm a man of great de-

FRIEDMAN-ASKELES



ROSSEN & PRESTON IN "ALBATROSS"
A triple-tongued double dealer.

cision who can go either way." Except toward his twelve-year-old daughter, his cynicism is total, like love or war. Life and people are all frauds, he tells the nubile new secretary (Carol Rosson) who falls half in love with him, and in a world of phonies the way to win is to be the biggest, slickest phony of them all.

Played with prancing, gleeful guile by Robert Preston, the role of Nat Bentley is as magnetic as sin. Playwright Ronald Alexander has surrounded him with zany astrologers of the marketplace—huck writers, foxy talent agents, dubbed-in laugh effects men—who cast horoscopes under the sign of the dollar to see if the public will prefer the TV story of a myna bird that refuses to talk or a chimpanzee that plays Lady Macbeth. The dialogue is more quippish than witty, but the hip mass-media-men-at-work lingo scatters the laughs over an occasional drab patch of script. The life of the play is in the instinctive mendacity of its con-man hero. The *Albatross* flies where Sammy Glick once ran.

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SPORT

PRO FOOTBALL

Always Leave Them Limp

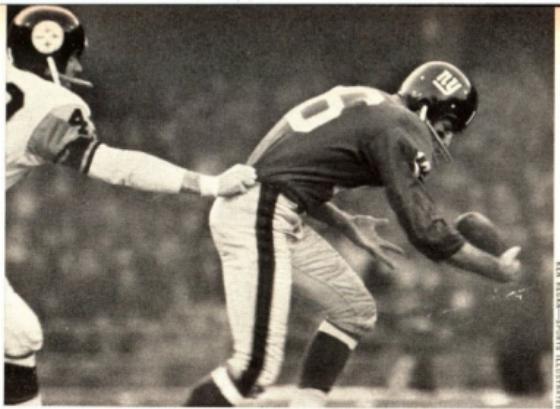
Pro football, after all, is show business—and everybody knows that there is no showman like an old showman. At 37, Quarterback Y. A. Tittle of the New York Giants is only two years younger than Jack Benny; he wears high-button cleats, laments his departed hair, and eats meat-ball sandwiches before each game because he thinks they bring him luck. At 33, Giant Halfback Frank Gifford is the man in the collar ads, the face that launched a thousand razor-blade commercials. Each has a special talent: Tittle throws a football better than anybody (60% completion average, a record 36 TD passes this year), and Gifford catches it better than most.

Last week in icy (25°) Yankee Stadium, they entertained the Pittsburgh Steelers in their final performance of the regular season and put on an act that nobody in the crowd of 63,240 is likely to forget. In the process, they also won the Giants their third straight Eastern Conference championship, taking it all away from the Steelers in the second act.

Hot Potato. The first routine was purest comedy—a sort of take-off on that old kids' game, hot potato. With a first down on the Pittsburgh five, Tittle pitched back to Gifford, who started around left end. Oops! Too many Steelers. So Gifford lateralized to Center Greg Larson, who looked at the ball and lateralized to Y. A. Tittle, who looked at the Steelers again. Now, Tittle is not cowardly, but there are no 37-year-old fools in pro football, either. Back it went to Gifford, who was now over on the right sideline looking for somewhere to hide. And he lobbed it in the general direction of Giant End Aaron Thomas—but only in the general direction. As confused as everybody else, the referee assessed the Giants 15 yds. on general principles. "Y. A. was laughing," said Gifford. "I should have tossed it right back—that would really have fractured him."

By halftime, the Giants had a 16-3 lead, but Tittle, being a nut on insurance (he even sells it in his spare time), buttonholed Gifford in the locker room. "What do you think you can do with that guy?" he asked, meaning Glenn Glass, the Steeler defensive halfback. "He's playing me to go outside," answered Gifford. Aha, thought Tittle—and stored the information away for emergency use. The emergency came early in the third quarter: the Steelers had closed the gap to 16-10, and the Giants faced a third down and eight on

* The Giants' seventh sellout in seven home games, giving them estimated gate receipts of \$2,200,000 v. \$3,000,000 for the baseball Yankees in 68 home dates last season.



GIFFORD CATCHING CRUCIAL PASS (LEFT, DEFENDER GLASS)

He had it all along.

GARRET ILUSTRATION

their own 23—"third and long," as the pros say. All game long, Gifford had been running sideline-pass patterns; all game long, Glass had been on him like Scotch tape. Tittle ordered "wing zig-in"—a pass to Gifford over the middle.

Now for the Circus. Gifford never was very fast, and after eleven seasons he may even have lost a step or two. But he does have one advantage over defensive halfbacks who run the 100 in 9.5 sec.: "I know where I'm going—they don't." Daintily, he trotted out to the flank in his sneakers. The ball was snapped, and he ran straight up to Glass, dipped his right shoulder as if to cut toward the sideline, then whirled and streaked across the field—leaving Glass with his legs hopelessly crossed. Tittle threw—and for a long instant the ball seemed hopelessly out of reach. But no. At the last second, Gifford doubled over, stretched out his right hand, and—plop—the ball landed in his palm for a 30-yd. gain. "I was only trying to bat it up in the air, but it stuck in my hand," said Gifford modestly. "I figured he had it all along," yawned Tittle, who has seen the same circus act all year.

Two plays later (another pass to Gifford, a pass to Fulback Joe Morrison), the Giants had their insurance touchdown. The final score (33-17) was immaterial: the Giants had won—and it was Gifford's catch that did the job. "That was the turning point," moaned Pittsburgh Coach Buddy Parker. "It would have been a different game if Gifford hadn't caught the ball."

Next week, the show goes on the road when the Giants meet the Western Conference's Chicago Bears in the National Football League play-off. The Giants rank No. 1 in total offense (359 yds. per game) and scoring (32 points per game). Chicago, which beat Detroit for the Western title in the final game, leads in defense, has allowed 14 opponents only 227 yds. and 10 points per game. The early-line odds makers make it Giants 11-10, or just about

even. The only grumble is that Chicago's Wrigley Field holds an audience of only 46,000. But cheer up, Y. A. and Frank. Another 42 million fans will be watching on TV. And that's almost as good as the Beverly Hillbillies.

SKIING

Let Them Eat Slush

No American male has ever won an Olympic medal in alpine skiing—gold, silver or bronze—and if France's Robert Faure has anything to say about it, U.S. skiers may never win one. Faure has a lot to say about it. An official of the Fédération Internationale de Ski, he has authority over seedings in all international ski meets, including the 1964 Winter Olympics at Innsbruck, Austria.

In competitive skiing, seedings are crucial: the best skiers get first crack at a course—while the snow is fresh. The rest make do with slush. Last month when Faure announced his seedings, no American was ranked among the top ten in the downhill, slalom, giant slalom. In the past, that would have caused no great gnashing of teeth. But this year the U.S. has its best men's team ever.

Nobody would know it to see the rankings. Colorado's Buddy Werner, 27, who has been winning international races since 1954 and sat out the 1960 Olympics with a broken leg, was seeded twelfth in the downhill, 22nd in the slalom, and 23rd in the giant slalom. Others fared worse: Michigan's Chuck Ferries, 24, who beat Europe's best slalom skiers in Austria and Italy in 1962, was rated 24th in his specialty.

"We want justice," screamed U.S. Olympic Coach Bob Beattie. At first Faure sniffed at the criticism. But at Val-d'Isère, France, in the season's first big international meet, Buddy Werner won the men's slalom and the combined championship, and Oregon's Jean Saubert, 21, took the women's giant slalom and combined. Faure acted uncomfortable. "I foresee difficult discussions at Innsbruck," he conceded.

MEDICINE

SURGERY

Spare Parts from Chimp to Man

Less than two months ago, Jefferson Davis, 44, was edging perilously close to certain death. A Negro dock worker, he had been in New Orleans' Charity Hospital since January with steadily worsening kidney disease. Doctors had kept him alive by dialysis, pumping salt and sugar solutions into his abdominal cavity to leach out the body's metabolic poisons. But this process could not keep him going indefinitely. And his doctors could find no human donor to give Davis new hope for life.

Even though transplantation of a kidney from man to man is still highly experimental and seldom successful for long, Charity Hospital surgeons had more desperately ill patients needing transplants than there were human donors available. Early this fall they had made an heroic attempt to deal with the shortage by transplanting two kidneys from a rhesus monkey to a 32-year-old woman (TIME, Oct. 25). But after a few days, the patient died. All the doctors could offer Davis was the same sort of slim chance.

Matched Blood. For a week, Davis was dosed with three potent drugs that suppress the body's natural tendency to reject any "foreign" protein. In Tulane University's colony of primates, hematologists checked the blood group of Adam, an 80-lb. chimpanzee about seven years old. It was type A, like Davis'. On the appointed day, Davis and Adam lay in operating rooms on opposite sides of the street. At the School of Medicine, Adam was anesthetized, and his temperature was dropped to 90°. Then a surgeon removed the animal's two kidneys along with their ureters and a generous supply of blood vessels.

Across the street in Charity Hospi-

tal, other surgeons made an incision in Davis' right flank. They implanted the chimp's ureters in Davis' bladder, and made artery and vein connections. Within ten minutes after the hookup, Adam's kidneys began to purify Davis' blood and produce urine for him.

Davis did well for four days. Then his system tried to reject the graft. He ran a fever, and the kidneys began to falter. The doctors boosted Davis' dosage of immunity-suppressing drugs. To their relief, the treatment worked. In the fourth week there was another, similar crisis. Adam's kidneys were behaving toward their new host in about the way a transplanted human kidney would have. X rays and increased drug doses got the fever down and the kidneys went back to work.

"I Wanted to Live." Last week, a month and a half after his operation, Davis strode into a Tulane news conference and proclaimed: "I feel better now than I have in five years." How did he feel about having kidneys from a chimpanzee? "The doctors explained I couldn't live with what I'd got. I was worried, of course—but not about the animal business, I knew it would be a monkey. It didn't bother me. All I wanted to do was to survive. I feel wonderful." Feeling that way, Davis went home for Christmas with his four children, ages 13 to 19. "I'll just sit back and wait for the mailman," he said. With a Government pension he will no longer have to load bananas.

The twelve-man team of physicians and surgeons headed by Dr. Keith Reemtsma emphasized that the Davis transplant is no science-fiction spectacular. Said Dr. Reemtsma: "We have taken every precaution with this transplant. Even if it should now fail, we could still defend its use ethically and medically." One factor that gives this

operation a better chance of success than the woman's is that her transplant, from a 25-lb. monkey, had small capacity. But even if they functioned at only 50% efficiency, the 80-lb. Adam's kidneys would still be capable of clearing the blood for the 130-lb. Davis.

At week's end, the famed Denver transplant team put a baboon's kidneys in the flank of a 40-year-old man. His condition: "Satisfactory."

CANCER

The Prophets of Doom

DISTURBING NEWS ABOUT BREAST CANCER was the six-column headline in the New York Herald Tribune. Sent to almost 100 papers that take the Trib's news service, the story began: "There is dreadful news about breast cancer." Across the U.S., hospitals and doctors got agonized inquiries from women who had had operations for breast cancer, or were about to have them.

The Tribune had taken from the A.M.A. *Journal* the text of a talk given last June by Baltimore Surgeon Edward F. Lewison. And the talk was little more than quotes from a book Lewison had published eight years earlier, contending that despite improvements in detection and treatment, the death rate of women from breast cancer has stayed about the same for half a century.

A blunt rejoinder came promptly from Manhattan's prestigious Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. "It should be re-emphasized," said Medical Director Henry T. Randall, "that breast cancer detected at an early stage and promptly and adequately treated is one of the most curable of human cancers." No matter how advanced the cancer, provided it can be operated on at all, there is a 65% five-year survival rate. This is almost exactly twice as good as the survival rate 50 years ago.

HEMATOLOGY

Heredity & Clotting Factors

All that most laymen know about hemophilia is that it is an odd and dangerous disease of the blood that strikes men only, although it is transmitted by women. Medical researchers have learned a great deal more than that, but when the nation's expert hematologists gathered in Washington, they realized that much more was still to be learned. They are baffled by at least eight bleeding disorders that are caused by the lack of any one of ten different clotting factors in the blood.

Genetic Lottery. Classical hemophilia, known since ancient times, is caused by a severe shortage of clotting Factor VIII. This disease, which afflicted a dozen descendants of Queen Victoria, results from a defect in a recessive gene carried on the x (female) chromosome. If a hemophilic man marries a normal woman, all their sons are normal but all their daughters are carriers. If a carrier woman marries a normal man



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QUEEN VICTORIA & DESCENDANTS*
A black mark in the blue blood.

(see diagram), each son has a fifty-fifty chance of being a victim and each daughter has a fifty-fifty chance of being a carrier. No one can predict whether a child will be affected, because a sort of genetic lottery decides which of the mother's chromosomes the child inherits. (How Victoria got the defective gene is a mystery. Medical sleuthing has failed to show that she inherited it, so she may have developed it herself—perhaps even from a direct hit on her ovaries by cosmic rays.)[†]

Classical hemophilia has now been renamed hemophilia A, because in 1952 a boy in England was found to be suffering from what had seemed to be the same disease, but his trouble was actually caused by lack of clotting Factor IX. This affliction is now called hemophilia B. It is transmitted the same way as hemophilia A, but the two diseases can be distinguished by the fact that blood from a hemophilia A victim, which contains Factor IX, will clot blood from a hemophilia B victim. A hemophilia B's blood, with its Factor VIII, will make an A's blood clot. Of an estimated 100,000 victims of clotting disorders in the U.S., 50,000 have hemophilia A and 15,000 have B.

Another bleeding disorder that is similar in its effects on patients, but totally different in inheritance and incidence is von Willebrand's disease. This

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This is 15% higher (\$16.1 million more) than Northwestern's 1963 dividend—a record made possible by company growth plus another actual dividend scale increase, the 11th in 12 years!

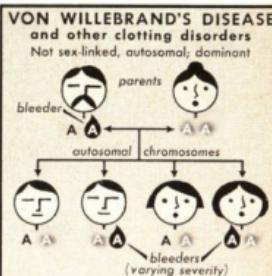
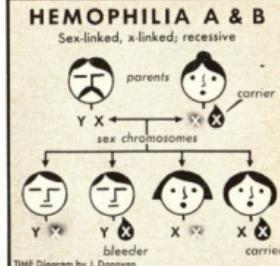
A rather typical effect of this increase is easily illustrated. Take the case of a man who purchased a \$10,000 NML straight life policy in 1952 at age 35. Based on the '52 dividend scale, he could have expected a '64 dividend of \$75.40. However, with the 11 scale increases, he will actually receive a '64 dividend of \$116.50—or an improvement of 54.5% over his anticipated return.

If you would like more information about this "specialist" life insurance company, contact your Northwestern Mutual agent. The one nearest you is as close as your phone. Call him. Ask questions. And expect answers that may surprise you.



* At left: Hemophilia-Carrier Victoria Eugénie, later Queen of Spain.

† She passed the gene to one son, two daughters: Leopold, who died at 31, was grandfather of Lord Trematon, who died at 21; Alice, who married Prince Louis of Hesse, had one hemophiliac son who died at three, and two carrier daughters; Beatrice, who married Prince Henry of Battenberg, had two affected sons and a carrier daughter. Alice's elder carrier daughter Irene married Prince Henry of Prussia; one hemophiliac son, Waldemar, lived to 56, but another died at four; Alice's younger carrier daughter Alexandra married Czar Nicholas II, was murdered with him and their hemophiliac son, the Czarevich Alexis. Beatrice's daughter Victoria Eugénie married Alfonso XIII of Spain, had two affected sons, Alfonso and Gonzalo, who bled to death after accidents.



is the most common of a group of clotting disorders that are transmitted by genes on some other chromosome than the x—which chromosome, remains a mystery. But it is a nonsex chromosome, so boys and girls are equally likely to inherit the defective gene.

No Direct Measure. "The trouble is," said the University of North Carolina's Dr. Kenneth M. Brinkhous, director of the U.S.'s leading hemophilia research program, "we can only measure the clotting factors indirectly by their effects—usually in the test tube."

But progress is advancing from the lab to the bedside. Factor VIII is now being extracted from human plasma and concentrated about 30 times. It is given by intravenous drip to victims of hemophilia A and von Willebrand's disease when they have crises of massive bleeding. Except in such emergencies, the usual treatment for all the clotting disorders remains a transfusion of fresh whole blood or plasma—not to replace blood that the patient has lost, but to supply the missing clotting factor and thus keep him from losing more.

Contrary to common belief, it is not outward bleeding from a wound that cripples and eventually kills most hemophiliacs; it is internal bleeding, especially into the joints, that does the damage. "This," said Manhattan's Dr. Henry H. Jordan, "is more crippling than either polio or arthritis. But it's incredible what rehabilitation can do. Many patients can discard a brace, for example, after five or even ten years." Today, some hemophiliacs work as longshoremen and loggers.

ART

Andy's World

[See Cover]

It was a natural question: under the circumstances, anybody would have asked it. Harvard's President Nathan Pusey, chatting with Painter Andrew Wyeth at dinner the night before giving him an honorary doctor of fine arts degree in 1955, inquired: "And where did you go to college?" Wyeth knew that his answer might well be dumbfounding to a professional protagonist of formal learning, but he went ahead and said it: "I didn't go to college. I never even went to school." Recalling Pusey's expression now, Wyeth says: "He almost faints."

Of course, Wyeth did get an education: in academic matters from tutors, in art from his late renowned father N. C. Wyeth. But if in the scholarly sense he never went to school, in the artistic sense he is his own school.

Andrew Wyeth of Chadds Ford, Pa. (pop. 140), and Cushing, Me. (pop. 130), stands high and apart from the mainstream of American art. Manhattan-centered abstract expressionism has in the past two decades given a multitude of new answers to the central questions: What is painting? What is art? What is form? Wyeth is no heroic rearguard defender against that trend. But, in a tradition going back to Rembrandt and to the roots of art, he insists on exploring something else: the condition of nature and the depth of the human spirit.

He paints landscapes and houses, the outside and inside of the world where man lives. Across these carefully recorded scenes, he shows the track, the flicker, the expression of life, even if the living object has long since departed—the print of a heron on the sand, the feeling that a crow flew by, the sea shells lined up in an empty room on a woman's whim. Millions are touched by these intimations, faint but intense; they are touched in their sense of mortality, and they count Andrew Wyeth an incomparable painter.

His temperas are in major American museums, from Manhattan's Met and Modern to Houston's Museum of Fine Arts.* His shows are thronged: 247,800 people went to a month-long Wyeth

* Others that have temperas: Milwaukee Art Center; Wilmington (Del.) Society of the Fine Arts; Addison Gallery of American Art in Andover, Mass.; Toledo Museum of Art; Philadelphia Museum of Art; Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia; William A. Farnsworth Library and Art Museum in Rockland, Me.; Shelburne (Vt.) Museum; New Britain (Conn.) Museum of American Art; Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Conn.; and Currier Gallery of Art in Manchester, N.H.

show in Buffalo last year. Last summer, when President Kennedy picked a painter to be among the first winners of the Medal of Freedom—the U.S.'s highest civilian honor—it was quite inevitable that the choice would be Wyeth. A fortnight ago, President Johnson presented it to him with a citation declaring that "he has in the great humanist tradition illuminated and clarified the verities" of life.

Youthful Spirit. The one most revealing fact about Andrew Wyeth is his age: 46. His paintings may treat of age-old wisdom; his life speaks of free-spirited youth. He has a classic car, a Mark II Lincoln Continental, drives it with abandon. He drinks endless mugsfuls of heady, homemade hard cider.

what he gets from the 60-odd private collectors who have his temperas has occasionally topped the museum prices. He may be the world's best-paid painter after Picasso—and part of the reason is Betsy. Once, 20 years ago, when he did a cover for the *Saturday Evening Post* for \$1,000 and seemed tempted to take a contract with the magazine, she threatened to leave him. "It'll be the end of your painting," she said. Recently, at the suggestion of his dealer, M. Knoedler & Co., she incorporated him as The Mill, Inc., and The Mill pays Wyeth a salary.

A Dignified Recluse. But money does not preoccupy Andrew Wyeth, and his whimsies are mostly a cover-up for what engrosses him, the subjects of his work. The most famous of these is a woman named Christina Olson. He has painted eight temperas of her or her house, a decrepit three-story clapboard pile atop a knoll near the Maine seacoast. One of them, *Christina's World*, now 15 years old, is one of the most durable and disquieting images of 20th century America. Against the wall of landscape that leads up to her house, the crippled body of an ageless woman seems trapped, imprisoned by the very emptiness of the earth. Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, which hesitated before buying it in 1948 for \$2,200, has repaid its investment 22 times over in the sale of reproductions.

Christina, who is crippled by polio, is one of Wyeth's few close friends. He judges people by their reactions to her. "I don't take some people to see her," says Wyeth, "because they won't understand." He fears that they will find her grotesque. Christina's house contains the anonymous leavings of years of confinement. The smell of burning oil, charred wood, fat cats and old cloth fills the air. Christina, now nearing 70, does not let anyone see how she moves about, stubbornly refuses to use a wheelchair. "Andy's a very good friend," she says. "I like to pose for him. He talks a great deal when he paints, but he doesn't talk nonsense." She does not talk nonsense either. Despite her painful loneliness, she is dignified, proud and intelligent.

None of Wyeth's portraits of Christina look alike; the artist injects his own humanity into the people and places around him. More than anything else that Wyeth paints, Christina's individuality and inner strength are a mirror-portrait of the artist himself. She is a touchstone of his compassion.

"Eloise, Ocean Breeze!" What Wyeth will paint next is what currently worries him most. But winter is the season that best inspires him, and he is full in the process of making the watercolors that are the harbinger of his temperas. He bundles up in boots, a turtleneck,



WYETH RECEIVING MEDAL OF FREEDOM
High and apart from the mainstream.

He loves clowning: one Halloween he festooned his tall gaunt frame with animal hair stuck on with flour paste, and roamed Chadds Ford like a bundle of Hydes. When he dresses up for company, he dons a black Amish-elder's jacket that makes him look like Nehru in mourning.

"I am an outdoors painter," he says, and he spends most of his days outside. When he comes home, it is to a 200-year-old fieldstone house, newly remodeled so meticulously in Pennsylvania colonial style that when he first saw it all reconditioned he cracked: "Where do I register?" He has a handsome blonde wife named Betsy, and a pair of youthful, energetic sons.

There is plenty of money to go with all this: the prices that museums pay Wyeth regularly break records, and



HIGHEST PRICE ever paid by any museum for work of a living U.S. artist was \$65,000 for this Andrew

Wyeth tempera called *Her Room* (1963). On doorknob there is the dimly reflected self-portrait of the painter.

M. KNOEDLER, INC.



EARLY WORK, a 1942 watercolor called *Blue Day*, brought Wyeth only \$18. It sets a Maine seascape

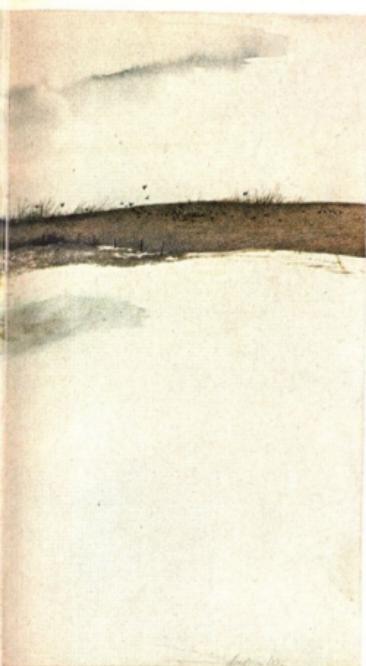
plash with raw color and jumpy line. "I was exuberant in those days," the artist says, recollecting his youth.



OBlique titling, a Wyeth specialty, is typified in this 1953 drybrush, *Flock of Crows*, where objects of title seem mere detail amid snow-laden clouds pressing on landscape.



UNNERVING MOOD is set by gust of *Wind from the Sea* (1947), Robert Frost's favorite painting, as lift of curtains suggests eerie intrusion into long neglected, decrepit room.



MR. ANDREW WYETH



CAVALIER BOOTS in *Trodden Weed* (1951) are those of "death

walking over the hills," says Wyeth, but he still wears them.



MR. AND MRS. TETE BROWN



MOOSE HORMS of *Trophy* (1963) and their lengthened shadow on wall of house, gave Wyeth

goose pimples: "I got a terrific sense of flight, like Jack Frost or some speeding winter thing."

MASSACHUSETTS, HYANNIS, MARSHFIELD, MASS.



"NORTHERN POINT" (1950) shows strikingly how Wyeth abstracts mood by sharp-focus realism.

PRESENTED BY MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH H. STANIS TO THE BRADFORDIANA LIBRARY



"APRIL WIND" (1952) blows coat of old Negro whom Wyeth saw as a ship's figure-head that "seemed to be moving like hell."

"DISTANT THUNDER" (1961) has subtle theme of tranquillity ruptured as a thunderclap rouses dog. Woman is Wyeth's wife.



a ratty forest-green hacking jacket with a ragged velvet collar, and a shaggy sheepskin coat. He grabs his watercolor kit, clucks at his dogs to follow, and lopes off across the snow-spotted fields. When he finds what he wants, he plunks right down in the slush and goes to work with a fury, often until his fingers turn blue.

"He looks like he's in a battle," says Painter Peter Hurd, his brother-in-law. "He stabs at the work as if with a stiletto, dabbing with a bit of Kleenex, slashing with a razor blade." The watercolors materialize by the hundreds, spatterry with a bravura immediacy.

While Wyeth works, his favorite dog Eloise, a miniature black poodle with a just-so Continental clip, digs holes and sprays both the artist and his watercolors with dirt. When Eloise thinks it is time to get out of the cold, she trots up to Wyeth's watercolor pan and tips it over with her nose. The artist nuzzles into her curly fur, murmuring a ritual incantation, "Eloise, ocean breeze!" Then he comes home with her and Rattler, the gold hound depicted in *Distant Thunder*.

In the Studio. For the long, hard work of painting in egg tempera, a technique that has not been in common practice since the *quattrocentro*, Wyeth will retreat to his studio near the old family home where he was brought up. He hates to be watched in his studio—except by dogs and kids. The William A. Farnsworth Library and Art Museum in Rockland, Me., has recently bought an essay by Troy Kaichen, a literate Cushing boy, who knows Wyeth well. It describes Wyeth at work.

"The studio of Andrew Wyeth the Painter contains nothing else but what he's working on," wrote Troy. "In the center of the room sits Mr. Wyeth with a large easel in front of him. Every once in a while Mr. Wyeth gets up and walks to a mirror hanging on the wall. The first time he did this I asked him why. He answered, 'For some reason you can see the picture more clearly in the mirror than you can just looking at it.' Mr. Wyeth stepped aside and I looked into the mirror myself. Sure enough the picture was much brighter and clearer."

"Mr. Wyeth went back to his painting. He had run out of an important color; so he took two tubes, squeezed some paint from each of them and then he poured some yellow liquid into the whole mess. Wondering, I asked him what the yellow stuff was. 'That's egg yolk,' he replied. 'Have you ever noticed that if you drop an egg and don't clean it up immediately it sticks and you can't get it off? It does the same thing in pictures. Also if you use yolk the picture will not fade like ordinary watercolors.' Doesn't it affect the color of the paint?" I asked. 'No,' he said, 'surprisingly enough it doesn't affect the color at all.'

"Leaning on the walls and lying all over shelves are sketches that Mr. Wyeth has made. He has sketches in color

which make small pieces of the picture. When he sits down to work on the painting he has to fit the pieces together in his mind. The hardest part is just going on and on and on to finish the job after you're over the excitement of suddenly knowing what you want to do and the fast sketches.

"Like anyone else returning from work Mr. Wyeth changes out of his old paint-spattered pants when he gets in the house. When he returns from the studio he always has paint on himself too. One place is really very noticeable—a long streak on his lower lip. That comes from wiping the extra paint off his brush; since his lip is handy, he makes use of it."

A Dynasty of Art. The name Wyeth is familiar to almost every kid who ever had a library card, because it belongs to the most ambitious American

Robin Hood, or *Blind Pew* frantically tapping down the road after his cowardly companions in *Treasure Island*. Although N.C. wished to be remembered as a muralist, his best-known works bear such romantic titles as "One more step, Mr. Israel Hands, and I'll blow your brains out."

Method Painting. Last of his father's five children, Andrew Wyeth was born into a virtual factory of fantasy. N.C. spouted Shakespeare as he dosed his children with castor oil, encouraged them to set up toy theaters all over the house, and persuaded them well up into their teens that Santa Claus did indeed exist. But his greatest gift was teaching his brood how to re-create drama, and a little art colony sprang up by the Brandywine.

"Never paint the material of the sleeve," N.C. would roar. "Become the



"CHRISTINA'S WORLD" (1948)

Exploring the condition of nature and the depth of the human spirit.

art dynasty since the 18th century Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale named his children Rembrandt, Rubens, Raphaelle and Titian and brought two of them up to join a raft of relatives in the family trade. The Wyeth dynasty was founded when Newell Converse Wyeth went in 1903 from Massachusetts to Wilmington, Del., to study painting with the scholarly illustrator Howard Pyle. Often Pyle and his favorite pupil would journey the twelve miles out of Wilmington to Chadds Ford to paint along the banks of the Brandywine near the old gristmill. Within three years, N.C. had married, and soon after put down roots in the Pennsylvania hills.

N.C.'s artistic style set the style for his family. Ruddy, with the outdoorsy zest of his Welsh ancestors, he painted robust men of action whose thighs and biceps strained the seams of some of the best-executed costumes in all book illustration. Generations of children know the gnarled tree trunks of Sherwood Forest from his illustrations for

arm!" It was classical instruction, demanding empathy with the object. Yet the leonine old illustrator never let his pupils fall for the pathetic fallacy—that empty barrels are lonely. He believed that the painting must find an echo inside the painter—in a sense, Method painting. It was all done with such verve and warmth that, as Sister Carolyn says, "there was nothing arty about it. It was like coasting, like playing outside in the snow."

The White Company. Quite naturally, the dynasty flourished. The eldest, Henriette, a painter in her own right, is married to Painter Hurd. Most eccentric of the children is Carolyn, now 54, who gallivans about in a flat black Gaucho hat, paints and teaches art classes. Sister Ann, 48, turned to music, but married one of N.C.'s students, John McCoy, and stayed on in Chadds Ford. Brother Nathaniel, 52, "drew neat little pictures inside little squares," married a niece of Howard Pyle, and quite naturally became a creative en-

gineer in research for Du Pont in nearby Wilmington.

As the bouncy benjamin of N.C.'s children, Andy enjoyed a special freedom from responsibility. Two weeks in the first grade of the Chadds Ford school made Andy "nervous," so his father generously took him out and supplied a tutor until he was 16. He grew up like Peter Pan, a prisoner of fantasy. "As a kid," he says, "I adored Robin Hood, D'Artagnan, and"—he

adds innocently—"Dracula." N.C. designed an immense castle, which his eldest son, Nat, built for the children's playroom. Andy became its lord and staged jousts within its battlements.

He hoarded the kind of toy soldiers that struck extravagant poses, and left those that stood stiffly at attention to the other children. At the age of nine, Andy did a book of watercolors, full of musketeers and damsels in distress, and romantically titled *The Clang of*

Steel. When he was twelve, Andy staged a memorable performance, Lilliputian-style in a theater that he made himself, of the battle in *The White Company*, the Arthur Conan Doyle drama of a staunch medieval company of soldiers, which N.C. had illustrated. The old playroom castle still sits in Andy's studio, and the toy soldiers are billeted in a light box in his bedroom. "I've always loved miniature things," he says. "Maybe that's why I turned to the fine technique of tempera."

Andy spent at least two years half believing that he was Robin Hood. In a green hat and a phony blond beard, he romped the woods with Little John, a Negro playmate named David ("Doo-Doo") Lawrence, and a band of merry youngsters. Sometimes they would swoop down on a wealthy noble, such as the grocery boy, and back in the forest they would picnic on robbed riches. Another childhood chum was Vincent T. ("Skootch") Talley, who, before he died this month, recalled that Andy's greatest thrill was a mock re-enactment of the battle of Brandywine. "We had one thing in common," said Skootch. "We never grew up."

"*My Father, of Course*." The Wyeths always summered in Maine, and there, on his 22nd birthday, Andy met his future wife, who was then only 17. The next year, while he continued to study and paint with his father, they were married. When the war years came, he tried to enlist, but was deservingly 4-Fed because of crooked hip joints, which give him a gangly gait. Instead, at a time when U.S. art was at a virtual standstill, he churned out vigorous, splashy watercolors that explored flattened space, joyous color and jumpy line in such a way that they could have marked him as a nascent abstract expressionist.

The idyl ended on an October morning in 1945: N.C. was killed by a train that struck his station wagon in Chadds Ford. Wyeth took his father's death harder than any of the others in the family. Intimations of mortality clouded the clear sky of fantasy. He had never painted his father. Three years after N.C.'s death, Wyeth painted *Karl*, a stern portrait of his neighbor Karl Kuerner, shown in his attic room. Above Karl's head are two meat hooks, like falcon's claws, thrust down from the ceiling. Says Wyeth: "It was really a portrait of my father, of course."

Five years after his father's death, when Wyeth was 33, some bloodstains on his pillow led him to the discovery that he was suffering from bronchiectasis, a disease of the bronchial tubes of one lung. They were removed in an operation so drastic that his chest had to be opened from top to bottom, slashing his shoulder muscles so that he thought he might never be able to paint again. While convalescing, he painted *The Trodden Weed*, with his arm suspended in a sling from the ceiling. The boots that flatten the weed



"CLANG OF STEEL" WATERCOLOR BY ANDY AT AGE 9

ELLIS



ANDY (IN SAILOR SUIT) & FAMILY—CIRCA 1921

HENRIETTE WYETH HURD



HENRIETTE'S ANDY AT AGE 12

EDWARD S. SEAL



ANDY (WITH SWORD) AS ROBIN HOOD & MERRY MEN IN 1930
Born into a virtual factory of fantasy.

once belonged to Howard Pyle and were Betsy's Christmas gift to him in 1950. Wyeth wore them while taking long walks to regain his strength. He explained: "The painting came to signify to me a close relationship between critical illness and the refusal to accept it—a kind of stalking away."

Both his shoulder muscles and his health knitted back together, although he still cannot get life insurance. Since then, Wyeth, along with finishing two or three temperas a year, has set himself to continuing the dynasty. His eldest son, Nicky, 20, is a freshman at Delaware's Wesley Junior College and plans to go into art dealing. Afternoons, Wyeth teaches the family trade to his other son, Jamie, 17. So fast has Jamie learned painting that the proceeds from his work sit in front of the staid Wyeth house like a visitor from Mars—a red-hot Corvette Sting Ray. Says Wyeth, "Some day I'll be known as James Wyeth's father."

The taste with which the Wyeths live is as high as the taste of their art. Says a family friend: "Their house, the way the table is set, even the food they eat are all done with a lack of pretense, a genuineness, a judgment that is a delight. Between the pictures and their lives, there is no break." On Thanksgiving, the clan gathers until there are often 20 at table. Betsy cooks up a storm straight out of the *Gourmet Cookbook*, and—though she might still chill them—there are vintage French burgundies to add some thunder. A frequent visitor over the years is Brother-in-Law Hurd, a New Mexico painter of Western landscapes, who years ago taught Wyeth how to paint with tempera. Together, though, they are more apt to top each other's tall tales than talk art.

Where Now, Brown Cow? Wyeth knows that his work is sometimes admired by the wrong people for the wrong reasons. "Ooooh!" he mocks, "Mr. Wyeth, such a bee-o-o-ooootiful cow!" Says he: "I'm a pure abstractionist in my thought. I'm no more like a realist, such as Eakins or Copley, than I'm like the man in the moon." Wyeth is neither a slave to the faithful detailing of nature, as were Courbet and Manet, nor a scientific observer of light and atmosphere, as were the impressionists. "I want more than half the story," he says. "There are some people who like my work because they see every blade of grass. They're seeing only one side of it. They don't see the tone. If you can combine realism and abstraction, you've got something terrific."

Wyeth frequently does. He "pulls things down to simplicity," excluding from his work the superfluous and the sentimental. He is an expressionist, selecting from his subjective feeling only what is necessary to the painting. In his *Brown Swiss*, a skyless 1957 landscape titled for the breed of cows crossing it, Wyeth blithely eliminated the cows.

Instead, he showed narrow cow paths like the creases of a worried century across the brown brow of a hillside. Nowadays, he feels that he could even have removed Christina from *Christina's World* and still have conveyed the same sense of loneliness.

The Ever-Subtler Second. From the depiction of high drama as his father taught it, Wyeth has narrowed down to the moments when life is charged with change, swapping N.C.'s clash of cut-

lasses for his own clap of distant thunder. Sometimes it is only the tragic twinkle of quaker ladies, blossoming while he watches and fading in the frosty dew of early spring. Disciplining the romantic inside him, he has sought the ever-subtler second when existence is galvanized by the unexpected.

"It's got to give me goose pimples," he says. His flesh crawls at odd moments. In *Wind from the Sea* Wyeth opens an upstairs window in Christina

ERIC SCHAUER



JAMIE & FATHER WITH OIL BY N.C.

ERIC SCHAUER



SKETCHING



CLOWNING IN COURTYARD (BETSY AT DOOR)

ERIC SCHAUER



AMBLING AROUND HIS HOMESTEAD

Absorbed by the outside and inside of the world where man lives.

Olson's house in a room that has been closed for years, and the billowing of lace curtains lets in a sudden puff of salty air. Wyeth is moved. Abruptly glimpsing his own reflection in a dusty mirror leads to an unexpected self-portrait. *The Revenant*, where he stands perplexed and unbalanced in an abandoned room. The amber glass ball on a lightning rod in *Northern Point* looks to him "as if it were spinning in mid-air." And after four days of straddling the roof top and examining it with his feverish watercolor brush, Wyeth slowly turned to recapture in tempera that first instant of surprise.

Scratches at the Mask. Wyeth paints a timeless natural world, probing past the façades of nature, where some peo-

Painter Robert Motherwell, formerly an art historian, says: "I would imagine that an impressionist would have looked at the pre-Raphaelites with astonishment, and I feel a parallel astonishment regarding the works of Wyeth." But they all look carefully at what Wyeth does, and agree that there is something uncanny, macabre and mysterious about it.

"Who?" To some, a man who bothers to paint a blade of grass is an anachronism who must have been born in the previous century. The late Bernard Berenson, going on guesswork, believed that Wyeth was dead ("What a pity America has starved its painters," he murmured). No foreign museums or collectors have ever bought his work.*

liam Blake and see a world in a grain of sand.

Rarely does he put more than a single figure in his stark snow fields, against his battered barns, or on his bleak rock shelves. "I want to show Americans what America is like," says Wyeth. He does this with a uniquely American vision—man pressed against the enormous sky by the upsurge of a land that he has owned for such a scant time that he does not yet feel part of it.

Robert Frost wrote, "The land was ours before we were the land's"; Wyeth paints *Young America* (1950) showing a boy in the garb of a footloose youth riding an extravagant bicycle in all the vastness of America. As he often does, Wyeth actually painted the figures over

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS



"YOUNG AMERICA" (1950)

His land and air happen to be everybody's.

ple only see picnic sites, to a further reality behind. He has sketched countless pencil studies of tiny seed pods as fragilely faceted as snowflakes, made exquisite dry-brush watercolors* of bees' honeycombs in winter. Thus he scratches at the mask of nature, attempting by imitation to expose her identity. For Wyeth well knows now one poignant tragedy of man: that he can never know all his world before it vanishes from his sight.

This line of investigation makes his New York contemporaries view Wyeth as a country cousin. To Larry Rivers, "He's like someone who writes marvelous sonnets, but I don't read sonnets much." To Jack Levine, he is "a symbol of real, real bedrock Americanism."

* Dry-brush, used by Wyeth's mentor of the miniature, Albrecht Dürer, as early as 1450, is more like drawing than watercoloring in technique. The artist works over still wet washes of water-soluble pigment with a brush dipped in concentrated color and squeezed almost dry. The stiff bristles, flattened and frayed looking, add textures of weight and depth. "I use it for the grass on a hill, for example, or the bark of a tree," says Wyeth.

Few foreigners recognize his existence, although the abstract expressionists are well known abroad, and even the Pop artists have attained some vogue. When Bernard Dorival, director of Paris' Muséum of Modern Art, was asked about Wyeth, he replied, "Who? But perhaps we pronounce his name differently here." Wyeth returns the compliment. He has never felt the need to go to Europe—or, for that matter, to much of anywhere else that is very far from Chadds Ford or Cushing.

Wyeth feels that if he wants to find exotic things, he need only explore a couple of miles beyond the gas station at the Chadds Ford crossroads. But if he does not first learn his own small world to the last detail, how will he abstract the vibrancy and vitality from it, how will he record the unexpected, the out-of-kilter, the sudden clap of distant thunder? So he has chosen to follow the advice of Poet-Painter Wil-

a completed landscape, afterthoughts in a void.

From the Microcosm. "I think that the really American thing in my painting is movement," says Wyeth. He was most excited by the technical challenge of depicting the flying spokes of the wheels. But there was the restless, lonely conquering of space, which Americans have had as a challenge since they first set foot in the broad New World. "I was struck by the distances in this country," said Wyeth, "which are more imagined than suggested in the picture—by the plains of the Little Big Horn and Custer and Daniel Boone and a lot of other things in our history."

The Young American is only a boy that Wyeth knows, not a totem conjured up from American mythology. He proves that the microcosm of Chadds Ford and Cushing is not so intimate a topography that the whole world cannot be gleaned from it. As Gertrude Stein wrote, "Anybody is as their land and air is," and Wyeth's land and air happen to be everybody's. It is a visible metaphor of any world for any man.



EISENHOWER (FOR 1959 TIME COVER)

* The National Gallery of Norway in Oslo has the 1959 tempera, *Albert's Son*, by donation from former U.S. Ambassador to Norway L. Corrin Strong.

RELIGION

SEMINARIES

Right on the Premises

For nearly two years, a talent-scouting committee has been searching the U.S. for a new president of the nation's most famous nondenominational seminary, Union Theological, in Manhattan. Last week the board of directors elected a man who had been on campus all along: Dr. John Coleman Bennett, 61, who was dean of the faculty from 1955 until he became acting president after the retirement of Henry Pitney Van Dusen last June.

Congregationalist Minister John Bennett is a self-effacing theologian with some eyebrow-raising views about the duty of churches not to join any holy war against Communism. Protestant churchmen respect Bennett as a methodical, thoughtful interpreter of social ethics, as a provocative religious journalist (he was a founder of the biweekly *Christianity and Crisis*), and as a tireless behind-the-scenes worker for the World Council of Churches. Like his predecessor, he is Union-made: he studied theology there, joined the faculty permanently in 1943.

Bennett is popular with his professors, but with only seven years to go before reaching Union's mandatory retirement age, he is clearly something of an interim appointment. A number of younger seminary executives are believed to have turned down the job, which virtually demands a 25-hour working day. Explains Stanford's Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, a past member of Union's faculty: "You have to be a theologian, administrator, educator, pastor and fund raiser." Bennett will probably find the job of bankroller the hardest. Unaffiliated with any church or university, Union needs over \$1,000 a day from outside donations to stay solvent.

TOMMY NESEK



THEOLOGIAN BENNETT
No war against Communism.

SORCERY

A Prevalence of Witches

In the green and pleasant town of Westham in Sussex last week, the Rev. Harold Coulthurst performed one of the rarest of Anglican ceremonies: rehallowing an altar. Rehallowing was required because several days before, four men had been surprised while in the midst of a mysterious ritual inside Westham's 11th century church of St. Mary the Virgin. "The men were trying to communicate with evil spirits," declared Coulthurst. "They were chanting some sort of mumbo jumbo. They were definitely in league with the devil."

Church delamination has lately become an occupational hazard of village vicars; England seems to be in the midst of a mild little revival of black magic. Recently, the Rev. J. L. Head of St. Clements at Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, found a sheep's heart stuck with 13 thorns on the grave of a woman believed to have been a witch. On All Souls' Eve, grave-stones were overturned and hexes traced on the graveyard of the parish church in Appleton, Berkshire.

Last March, the graves of six women were opened in the abandoned churchyard of St. Mary's, Clophill, Bedfordshire. One skeleton was removed, and was later discovered inside the church. Investigators assume that the church had been the scene of an impromptu Black Mass—which, properly performed, requires a live nude woman as altar.

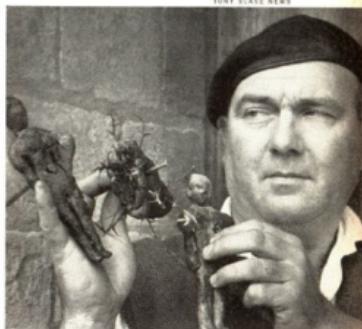
Parliament removed witchcraft from the list of criminal offenses in 1736. Since then, the black arts have been the property of tiny demonic cults. But 1963, for no clear reason, has been a banner year for sorcerers. In March the pro-Labor *New Statesman* concluded that "black magic seems to be strongest in southern England and *New Statesman* readers will hear with relief, in Conservative constituencies." Last month, a Conservative M.P., Commander John Kerans, asked the government for new laws against the spread of witchcraft, arguing that "a good deal of it is a cover for sexual orgies and other malpractices." The Home Secretary solemnly noted that licentiousness could be adequately dealt with under England's Sexual Offenses Act.

MISSIONS

Everyman's Burden

Once, spreading the Gospel was the white man's spiritual burden; now all the world's Christians share it. Says the Rev. Willem Visser 't Hooft, general secretary of the World Council of Churches: "Mission no longer is traffic from West to East, but traffic from everywhere to everywhere."

In Mexico City last week, the new international flavor of mission work was aptly personalized at a meeting of the



BLACK MAGIC DOLLS & THORNS HEART
No clear reason.

council's Commission on World Mission and Evangelism. More than 200 churchmen from 62 church bodies and 48 countries showed up to discuss the problems facing the spread of Christianity. Anglican Bishop John Sadiq summed up one of them: "Old non-Christian faiths have become renascent." M. M. Thomas of India pointed out another: a "secular ecumenism" that finds its focus not in Christ but in the brotherhood of man.

The churches seem to be finding solutions. Within the World Council, there is widespread debate about the need to forsake the traditional parish in favor of new forms of urban churches—such as the "guild churches" of London, each of which ministers to a particular fragment of the city's population, or the Japanese cell churches that serve textile workers in Osaka and are run by ministers who also work as secretaries in the textile unions.

For Africans and Asians, a major problem is eliminating the prejudice against Christianity as an unwanted "cultural import." The young churches of the East are nationalizing their hierarchies and structures as fast as means allow and are developing mission forces of their own. More than 200 missionaries have been sent from one Asian land to another to preach the faith in unmistakably non-Western accents.

One augury of the churches' future is the presence of nonwhite missionaries in Western countries. This year, for example, the United Church of North India and Pakistan sent the Rev. Emmanuel Johnson to Glasgow, where he works in a mission parish that serves both immigrants from Pakistan and Scots. In time, more missionaries from the East will be called upon to preach the Gospel in Christian countries that are in need of re-evangelizing—including the U.S. Next spring, the National Council of Churches plans to send teams of ministers and laymen who are experts on racial conflict to Mississippi. The teams will include foreigners, probably from Africa and the melting-pot slums of industrial England.

SPACE LAB

MOL

22,000 lbs.
Manned launch in
early 1968

Two-man Gemini capsule
has access to lab through
heat shield.

MOL cylinder contains crew
quarters, laboratory, power
and oxygen supply.

Multi-fuse transstage can
be jettisoned or kept on to adjust orbit.

25 ft.
10 ft.
heat shield

4

After second stage
is jettisoned, transstage
injects satellite into
250-mi. high orbit.

5

RE-ENTRY
After 2 to 4 weeks in orbit,
crew returns to capsule, leaves
lab in orbit. Capsule flips over
for re-entry.

Spring separation

Re-entry attitude
and retrofire

Drogue

6

LANDING
Gemini capsule descends by
parachutes to see landing as
in Mercury project.

2 Strapped-on
boosters are jettisoned by small motors.
First stage of liquid-fueled core ignites.

1

LAUNCH
Titan 3C & MOL
142,000 lbs.
Solid-propellant
boosters ignite.

Impact
bag

Cape Kennedy

TIME Diagram by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

SCIENCE

SPACE

House Trailer in Orbit

To some Pentagon planners, the gift seemed magnanimous in the extreme. "You've got a mandate," said an Assistant Secretary of Defense to a group of Air Force generals. "He's given you space." The men in uniform were inclined to argue that Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's decision to let them build a Manned Orbiting Laboratory was hardly as generous as all that. Space, they figure, has belonged to them all along. They have always maintained that it is merely an extension of the atmosphere—a little higher and thinner, to be sure, but a proper place for Air Force operations.

With his MOL mandate, McNamara has given the Air Force a proper opportunity to prove its claims. The project will amount to a massive experiment checking on man's ability to function for long periods in space. And it will be a step toward demonstrating whether or not that functioning can have a military value to match its cost.

Delicate Tasks. The orbiting lab is still a drawing-board dream, and few details have been settled on for sure. It will be a pressurized cylinder, about 25 ft. long and 10 ft. in diameter—approximately the size of a small house trailer. It will be attached to the blunt heat shield of one of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's two-man Gemini capsules, and it will be heaved aloft by a hefty Titan III rocket, which, with its two solid-fuel boosters, develops as much as 2,000,000 lbs. of thrust.

Once in orbit, the astronauts riding the Gemini's cramped capsule will open a hatch in the heat shield and crawl into the lab, where efficient life-support equipment will let them safely stow their cumbersome space suits. They will have plenty of room to move around, and by making due allowance for zero gravity, they will be able to perform elaborate and delicate tasks. After several weeks in the lab, they will return to the capsule and close the hatch in the heat shield. After detaching the MOL and leaving it in orbit, they will ignite their retrorockets and make their flaming descent.

Dead Dyna-Soar. About the same time that he gave MOL to the Air Force, McNamara killed Dyna-Soar, the winged, piloted space glider on which the Air Force has already spent \$400 million, and was planning to spend many hundred million more. Even if Dyna-Soar succeeded in returning to earth on glowing wings, McNamara argued, it would do little to advance the military use of space. The glider would have been able to stay in orbit for only a few hours; it is not likely that its pilot would have learned anything not already known from

NASA's Project Mercury and the X-15. McNamara is now convinced that controlled re-entry and landing can be investigated better by smaller, cheaper vehicles, steered by instruments.

For optimists of the aerospace industry, MOL points the way to the Air Force's pet project: manned orbiting space stations. Building and supplying a fleet of these stations will cost many billions of dollars per year, but Air Force space enthusiasts believe that the stations will pay for themselves by serving as military patrols—watching and photographing activity behind the Iron Curtain, inspecting suspicious satellites and destroying them, if desirable. Patrols might carry nuclear weapons for use against the ground or other spacecraft. Some optimists believe that they might even detect hostile nuclear submarines below the surface of the ocean.

For all such promise, though, McNamara insists that the first step must be to find out whether humans can stay in top form in space and perform difficult duties better than nonhuman instruments. This is by no means sure. Said Albert C. Hall, DOD's space expert, "The astronaut will have to do more than throw a switch, which is about all they have done in Mercury." The partisans of such manned space stations must also prove that an alert enemy cannot destroy them with a small fraction of the effort that it took to put them in orbit. Says skeptical Dr. Hall: "When I came to the Department of Defense last summer, I didn't think much could be done with a man in space. My attitude is still 'I gotta be shown.'"

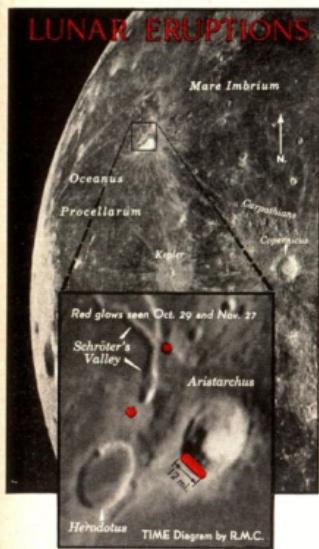
ASTRONOMY

Spots on the Moon

Air Force Observers James C. Greenacre and Edward M. Barr had a painstaking job: with the 24-in. telescope of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., they were to map a part of the moon—the well-defined crater Aristarchus, 27 miles in diameter. Both men were thoroughly familiar with the crater and its vicinity; Greenacre could hardly believe his eyes when he saw two bright red spots looming to the northwest and a third just inside the crater's rim. "I had the impression that I was looking into a large, polished gem ruby," he says.

The spots lasted less than 20 minutes that evening last October, giving Greenacre and Barr no time to rig apparatus and make photographs. Dr. John S. Hall, the observatory's director, reported what they had seen to astronomical authorities. He had not seen the spots himself, but he ordered a close watch kept on Aristarchus. The moon waned, throwing the crater into cold and darkness, but in late November, two days after the edge of sunlight reached Aris-

LUNAR ERUPTIONS



tarchus again, Dr. Hall and four other observers saw a reddish area, twelve miles long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide, inside the rim right where one of the spots had been seen in October.

The glow lasted more than an hour. Before it began to fade, Dr. Hall telephoned nearby Perkins Observatory of Ohio State University, which has a 69-in. reflecting telescope. Graduate Student Peter A. Boyce was at the telescope's controls. Dr. Hall told him that something was happening on the moon in the Aristarchus region, but did not give the precise spot. Boyce aimed his telescope at the moon and spotted the reddish area promptly.

This independent observation is not so firm a support as a photograph would be, and it is not so informative as a spectrogram, which might tell what chemical elements are responsible for the red color. But astronomers are notoriously skeptical about strange eruptions on the moon, and these confirmed reports are unusually convincing. They also tend to bear out 1961 sightings by Russian Astronomer Nikolai Kozyrev. Dr. Hall believes that the fierce heat of returning sunlight may have released gases from the lunar interior. At a Dallas conference on newly discovered astronomical objects last week, Nobel Chemist Dr. Harold Urey suggested that the gas may have contained carbon in the form of two-atom molecules that cannot exist on earth. If further evidence proves that the spots really do exist and are indeed caused by eruptions of gas from the moon's interior, they will present one more difficulty for would-be lunar explorers.

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December 18, 1963

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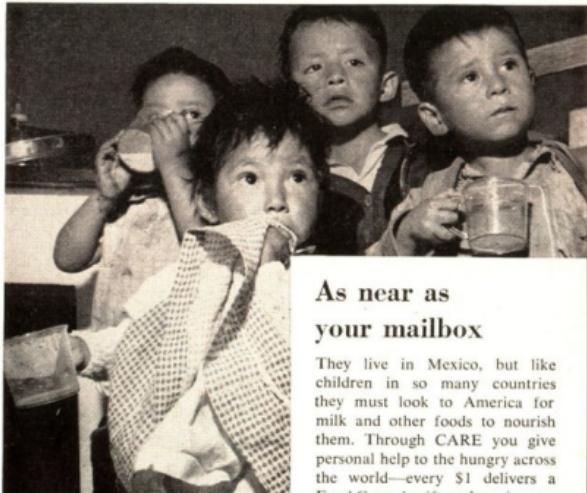
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MODERN LIVING

THE HOUSE

Modern Laving

The bathroom—that place of splash and gurgle, electric razor buzz and after-shave fragrance, that small citadel of privacy where one goes to doctor oneself, make faces in the mirror, or commit suicide—is undergoing a renaissance. Even the modest homeowner wants more of them; small houses, which moved up from a single bath to a bath and a half about ten years ago, are now being built with two and 2½ bathrooms, and bigger ones at that. And the rich are asking for and getting bathrooms with pool-type tubs, wall-to-wall carpeting, mirrored ceilings, arched canopies, private patios, and sometimes a picture-window view. In these circles, the bathroom is no longer thought of in its puritan context as strictly (and slightly shamefully) utilitarian, but as a sybaritic place of permitted indulgence and luxury.

The result is a new breed of specialists in "customized" bathrooms. In fact, bathrooms are becoming a prestige item on the scales of conspicuous consumption, a place swimming pools used to hold before everybody had one. Luxury Lavatorist Sherle Wagner of Manhattan's 57th Street is selling baroque swans, dolphins, Cupids and sea horses for spouts and faucet handles as fast as he can gold-plate them, at \$129.50 to \$800 a set. Cut crystal is in, too, and the most sophisticated of all is pewter with gold decoration. "And, of course, marble like mad," says Wagner. "We just finished a lovely bathroom-dressing room for one of our clients. Cost? Oh, about \$15,000."

The Little Horse. Expensive apartment houses are concentrating more and more on the bathroom as an index of how luxurious they are. San Francis-

co's brand-new building at 2555 Leavensworth Street has 24-carat gold-plated faucets and toilet bowls in eight of its apartments. The bathrooms in Fifth Avenue's newest co-op de luxe, 812 Fifth Avenue (apartment prices range from \$48,600 to \$200,900), have marble floors and walls, and in each of the shower stalls there is a special spout a few inches off the floor for pretesting the water with a tentative toe. Bidets are standard equipment.

Bidets, in fact, are consolidating a small beachhead on U.S. shores. A symbol of sophisticated familiarity with European plumbing, the French "little horse" is now being offered by twelve U.S. manufacturers in three basic models at about \$100 each, and jokes about "handsome foot baths" are definitely square.

His & Hers. Two notable U.S. trends are reflected in the modern bathroom. Americans are getting bigger and bigger, and their bathtubs with them. More and more common are 5½-ft. tubs with 16-in. sides (instead of 14 in.) and the demand for 6-ft. tubs is further threatening the national water table. The other trend—female emancipation—is making itself felt in a fad for twin installations. Double sinks are sprouting everywhere, enabling tooth-brushing, face splashing and shaving to take place side by side without strain on a marriage; and a design contest in Rome awarded first prize to an arrangement of twin tubs with a shower that swirls between them.

If no one has yet designed a new Baths of Caracalla, the manufacturers are sidling up to it—apparently inspired in part by the glimpses of Roman high laving indulged in by Cleopatra Taylor and Antony Burton in Shakespeare's latest spectacular. The Crane Co. has taken the plunge with a line of sunken tubs, dubbed the Marc Antony (6 ft. long and "rich in majestic beauty"), the Caesar ("once exclusive with emperors"), and the Centurion ("a

masterful tribute to the mighty Roman legions").

Plumbing fixtures, like everything else, are increasingly decked in "decorator colors"—the most popular, predictable pink. Second most popular is light brown. Floors may be vinyl or ceramic tile, walls may be the latest Italian mosaic, but the commonest materials for wash basin, toilet and tub are old-fashioned vitreous china and enameled metals. The w.c. of tradition is one of the last holdouts against the Plastic Age.

THE HIGHWAY

All Lit Up

Drivers may not be getting any brighter, but cars are. The latest wrinkle in traffic safety is the running light.

A running light is a 21-candlepower light, attached to the grille, that turns on with the ignition. The resulting gleam warns of a car's approach not only at dawn and dusk, when headlights may be off, but also in broad daylight, when the car is in a shadow or blending with the background. Running lights were first used by Greyhound buses, which experimented in 1960 by leaving their headlights on in daylight. In 1962 the practice was made compulsory on all the company's buses, and since then, according to Greyhound figures, accidents have dropped 15%.

Running lights, inexpensive and easy to install, are sparkling all over the Midwest and are expected soon to permeate even the conservative East. Auto-craft Manufacturing Co. of Ypsilanti, Mich., is turning them out at the rate of 10,000 a day and is planning to sell 5,000,000, ranging in price from \$1.79 to \$2.79, in the next 18 months. A competitor, Amesco Manufacturing Co. of South Bend, Ind., has had two lights (\$1.95 and \$2.95) in production for only a couple of months, and is already making 2,000 lights a day.



HERS WITH BIDET



REAL ESTATE SIGN
Selling up to the baths of Caracalla.



HIS & HER WITH RUG

CINEMA

New York, New York

Love with the Proper Stranger. This romantic comedy-drama succeeds in spite of itself, for it is brimful of enough warmth and high humor to mask a decidedly rancid plot. The girl Angie (Natalie Wood) is a clerk at Macy's. The boy Rocky (Steve McQueen) is a part-time musician temporarily bunking with a nightclub stripper, Edie Adams. One day at Rocky's union hiring hall, Angie appears and tells him: "I'm gonna have a baby." He blinks at her, then: "Congratulations." He can't remember the girl's name, and has to strain to recall their brief affair at a resort in the mountains. He agrees to help her "find a doctor." Love comes later, when they get to know each other.

Such pulpy reel-romance recalls the tempestuous symphonies of the '30s—working-class misery in a minor key. Going from bad to worse, one long scene is awkwardly underscored by a title song, Hollywood's most lamentable habit these days. And the squalid abortion episode is mere nonsense. A moral issue is raised, then sidestepped by presenting a slovenly midwife who totes a flashlight and performs her dark deeds on the floor of a vacant flat. This of course makes abortion conveniently unthinkable.

Happily, the movie soon rises above beatbeat sociology. Filming in Manhattan, Producer Alan J. Pakula and Director Robert Mulligan (the *To Kill a Mockingbird* team) have not only caught the flavor of the city—they have imbued it with a gritty freshness all their own. An Italian neighborhood springs to life in one vivid scene set against the background of a concrete piazza where the men play bocce while the women pull food out of brown paper bags. Some of the film's funniest moments involve Tom Bosley as Angie's feverish, fumbling suitor. One look from her and he becomes accident-prone, breaking dishes, bumping into furniture, incurring minor fractures, yet somehow suggesting that most of the real hurt lies deep inside.

The rough-textured dialogue is delivered by a cast of pros. "You're a sex maniac," purrs Edie Adams laconically, as McQueen ogles her thigh. His approach varies little, for it needs no improvement. Later, getting a clear fix on Natalie's décolletage, he makes a pass in the offhand manner of a man who takes his love the way most people take after-dinner mints. But Actress Wood matches McQueen quip for quip, twitch for twitch, shrug for shrug, smile for winning smile. Both coruscate with the sparkly stuff of which movie stars are made, and their final clinch in front of Macy's Herald Square, proves again that after all is seen and done Hollywood still produces the best brand of boy-meets-girl-meets-girl.



DORIS DAY GOING THROUGH CAR WASH

But not in the nude.

Nothing Happening

Move Over, Darling is a remake of a remake, but the new version doesn't half make it. In 1940 it was *My Favorite Wife*, with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant; last year it was *Something's Got to Give*, the picture Marilyn Monroe never finished. Now it has been tailored for Doris Day, who just can't bring herself to attempt MM's celebrated nude bathing scene. DD just drives a Chrysler convertible through an automatic car wash and lets it go at that.

The movie has the one virtue common to all Doris Day comedies: continence. But this time, James Garner appears to be playing the role long patented by Doris. Sex threatens him, and poor Jim has a tough time staying chaste. Garner is Doris' husband, but she has been missing since a plane crash five years earlier, so he marries Polly Bergen. The newlyweds have no sooner departed for a honeymoon in Monterey than out of a Navy sub hops this cute freckled blonde wearing blue denim and a sailor hat. "You're not too late!" screeches Doris' mother-in-law, Thelma Ritter. Then begins an unmercifully tedious rescue operation to keep Bergen and Garner from consummating their marriage.

Doris disguises herself as a Swedish nurse. Garner goes into traction, feigning a sprained back. At last he discovers that his missing missus spent all those moon-drenched nights marooned in an island paradise with bronzed Hem-Chuck Connors. She called him Adam, he called her Eve. "But nothing happened," Doris insists.

Of course nothing ever happens to a girl who can scrumptiously confide to her long-lost mate: "I want something I've been dreaming about for five years—a big fat double-dip chocolate soda." And in a courtroom climax, Doris demonstrates the All-America tactics that kept Eden intact: she crumples Con-

nors with a swift jab to the mid-section, slices one into the back of his neck, then whams her knee up for a jaw-breaking finish. Adam is lucky to get away with his apple.

New Faces of 1960

Act One, as more than a million people who read the book know, is the *rage-to-nouveau-riche* story of the late playwright-director Moss Hart and his historic subway trip from The Bronx to Broadway. Hart was a shrewd, witty, candid and flamboyant theater man. As played on the screen by George Hamilton, he seems reserved, artless, uncertain. The movie audience is asked to imagine him as the boy wonder who collaborated with Writer-Director George S. Kaufman on the 1930 comedy smash, *Once in a Lifetime*. It's hard.

The fault lies less with Hamilton, perhaps, than with Dore Schary, who wrote, produced and directed this static movie version of Hart's book. What was unflinchingly straightforward in print has been sentimentalized, rendered limp and lifeless on film. Hart's parents, who never understood their ambitious son, become stock figures of Jewish folk comedy. The late, irascible Kaufman is ably impersonated by Jason Robards Jr., whose perpetually agast eyebrows seem to sense the serious trouble in the script. Appearing at intervals are a galaxy of vintage celebrities, such as the Algonquin Round Table *in toto* and a struggling actor named Archie Leach (played by Bert Convy), who later became Cary Grant.

All sorts of things have been added: fantasy, turgid humor, breathless monologues. "It's happening, Moss, all of it . . . It's all true!" Hamilton whispers to himself. But the muse that spurred Moss Hart to fame has clearly strayed. If this were an out-of-town tryout, the closing notice would have gone up in Boston. As they say on the Main Stem, *Act One* needs work.

BUSINESS IN 1963



NEW CARS LEAVING FORD'S ROUGE PLANT
The record books were torn to shreds.

A Surprisingly Good Year

THE U.S. economy in 1963 showed a vitality that hardly anyone had looked for when the year began. The year opened with gloomy forecasts of a downturn—but the downturn never came. It resounded to calls for a tax cut to prevent a downturn—but did well without the cut. These two phantoms provided most of the year's rhetoric and drama in business, but the real economic news of 1963 was made quietly and without flamboyance. Though a lot of worry was expended on it, the U.S. economy produced a year of good, steady growth and, in some areas, demonstrated strengths as remarkable as they were unexpected.

Such well-paced growth, building on the vast base provided by the U.S. economy, was enough to tear the record books to shreds. Industrial production, the measure of what U.S. business produces, rose 7% to reach a new high. After several years of a profit squeeze that discouraged new ventures and encouraged old complaints, business reaped an unprecedented harvest of \$51 billion in pretax profit. Detroit's automakers, strained almost beyond their willing capacity for optimism, not only ran up the best year in their history, but witnessed the beginning of another that held promise of destroying tradition as well as records. Steel re-exerted its role as a bellwether of the economy, hitting its highest output level (109 million tons) in six years. The number of Americans holding down jobs swelled to 70 million, and the average paycheck was heavier than ever before. All this added up to a gross national product of \$584 billion—a very respectable \$29 billion more than last year. As 1963

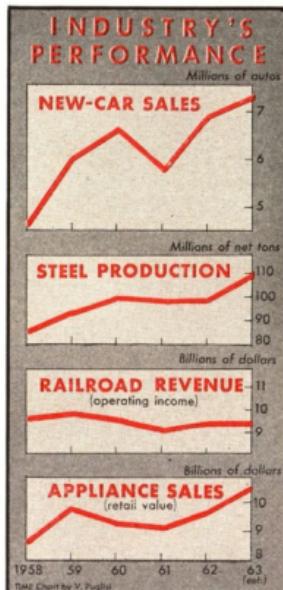
ended, the U.S. economy was in the 34th month of recovery, and only a few months away from producing the longest sustained peacetime recovery since World War II. Few doubted that that record, too, would shortly be shattered.

Lackluster Projection. When the year began, the economy was sluggish and tired after a 1962 that seemed to have sapped most of its energies. Unemployment stood at a distressing 5.8% of the work force, the G.N.P. was running \$15 billion behind projections, and the stock market had not yet fully recovered from the resounding crash it took on Blue Monday, May 28, 1962. Many economists thought that the best that 1963 had in store was a business sag—hopefully too mild to call a recession—that would begin before midyear. Government forecasters were willing to project only a timid 4% growth in the G.N.P., which would bring it up to \$578 billion.

With this lackluster picture in mind, President Kennedy issued his call for an \$11 billion cut in corporate and personal income taxes. The proposal ran afoul of a Congress—and of some businessmen—reluctant to slash Government income without chopping spending as well. Congressmen were unmoved by arguments that the cuts would ultimately raise federal revenue by stimulating greater business activity. All through the year, they dawdled over the cut, devoted their efforts to squeezing more than \$4.5 billion out of the Kennedy 1964 budget request.

Fresh Upswing. While Congressmen hesitated, a pickup in the economy seemed to make the need for a tax cut less urgent. By May, Walter Heller, the President's chief economic adviser, had

J. EDWARD BAILEY



upgraded his earlier and gloomier predictions and conceded that the G.N.P. might well rise to \$583 billion in 1963. Businessmen kept on debating the merits of the proposed tax cut, but by now they were so preoccupied with the rising tide of sales and earnings that a tax cut seemed less vital than before. Adapting its arguments to the new situation, the Administration now insisted that a tax cut was necessary to keep the expansion alive, and that without it the downturn feared in early 1963 would surely fall upon the economy by mid-1964.

Businessmen had only to look at their order books to confirm a more optimistic view of the economy than the Administration held. And they acted on what they saw. The crucial factor in 1963's economic performance was the underestimated rise in business spending for new plant and equipment. Capital spending surprised the forecasters by breaking loose in the second quarter and continuing upward throughout the year until it was running at a rate of \$41.1 billion in the fourth quarter—71% more than in 1962. This figure represented the separate decisions of hundreds of U.S. companies to go ahead with plans to build new plants, modernize old ones, revamp office methods with the latest computers. Though almost all industries increased their spending, the most dramatic reversal came from the railroads. They had planned to

cut back their spending 12% in 1963; business was so good that they ended up spending 27% more.

Spending Climate. The Kennedy administration, though it did not have a good name with business (the 1962 Big Steel crisis made some lasting enemies), did much to encourage business to spend. By liberalizing depreciation allowances in 1962, it cleared the way for industry in 1963 to raise its cash flow by \$3 billion to \$38 billion. The new allowances enabled business to finance 90% of its new spending out of depreciation and out of retained earnings, thus holding outside borrowing to a minimum. Another Administration measure at first scorned as ineffectual by business—a 7% credit against taxes on anything a corporation spends for capital equipment—helped to build profits and encourage spending. Corporate executives had already created the climate in which such write-offs could be most effective. Having cut costs during the lean years of the profit squeeze, they were able to keep more of their income from sales in 1963.

Consumers, too, set new records all year—but then they almost always do. Unless frightened by war or major disaster, the U.S. shopper year in and year out lays out a steady 93% of all he keeps after taxes to buy the goods and services he is convinced he needs or wants. Every year for 25 years he has spent more than he did before, and 1963's increase in spending reflects the rise in his personal income, which climbed 5% to \$463 billion. He scattered his money in every direction. Typical of the mood was the budget year of Mrs. Flora Binder, a Sherman Oaks, Calif., housewife; in her household, it seemed a good year to put on a new roof, to apply a new coat of paint to the house, to buy a garbage-disposal unit, to furnish the living room and to replace the TV set with a newer model. Consumers have become so cas-

ual about outlays that used to call for a family council that Miss Sadie Zlotkin, a temporarily unemployed coat stitcher in West Los Angeles, when asked if she had made any major purchases in the last year, could reply: "Nothing major. Only a trip to Europe." Despite a shorter shopping period this year between Thanksgiving and Christmas—and the sudden, shocked setback of President Kennedy's death just as the holiday season opened—U.S. merchants have discovered to their surprise that Christmas sales this year have been better than ever before.

More Sophisticated. Everyone wants something better than he did last year—the phenomenon known to merchants as trading up. "The woman who two years ago would look at a sale coat at \$20 now wants a \$50 coat," says Winston-Salem, N.C., Store Manager Fred Moser. President Edwin K. Hoffman of Cleveland's Higbee Co. finds that he is dealing with "a more sophisticated public. They know what they want, and they want the best." The frill kick embarrassed the usually knowledgeable marketing experts at Chevrolet this fall. They recommended dropping two extra-cost sports models from the Chevy II line; but the customers kept demanding the extras, and they had to be slipped back quickly into the line-up. Quality and luxury were in demand in homebuilding too. The house market started out slowly, but picked up enough after midyear to equal 1962's record. Builders found that buyers wanted everything that was touted as the best and newest.

In the process of trading up, consumers ran their installment debt to an all-time high. Even though 13.8% of the public's take-home pay was going to pay its installment debts (another one of 1963's many records), no one was much worried about credit overextension. For one thing, much more of the new debt was taken on by families with incomes

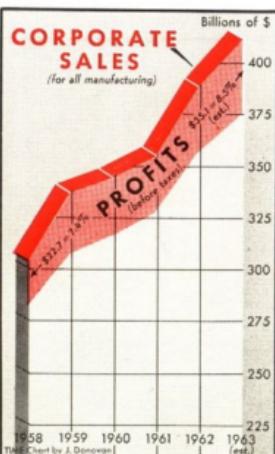
of more than \$10,000—a group that usually has relatively less debt and is well able to pay. "I don't believe the public has any concern whatever about how much money it owes," says President Benjamin Gordon of San Francisco's White House department store. "Nor do I have any concern for the health of our accounts."

The free-spending consumer gave his most pleasant surprise to the auto industry, destroying an old saw that says two top auto years back to back are all but impossible. New-car registrations surpassed the near-7,000,000 of 1962, went on to set an alltime high of 7,300,000—finally breaking the 1955 sales record that had become the auto industry's four-minute mile. (Appliances always do well when autos do; this year they defied gloomy forecasts to surge ahead 13%.) The auto boom was the result of the high scrappage rate (5,400,000 a year) of older cars and the steady increase in the number of two-car families (there are now 11 million, a sevenfold jump in 14 years; there are also 1,800,000 three-car families). The used-car market gained from the teen-age family members, who have become big car buyers. New cars moved out of showrooms so fast that a harassed Pontiac dealer desperately wired Detroit a terse appeal for help: HAVE ONLY A HALF-HOUR'S SUPPLY OF CARS LEFT. The 1964 models got off to an even better start than last year's, and Detroit expects the new car year to be at least as good as 1963. "I see nothing to stop it," says Ford Division Boss Lee Iacocca. "We've reached a new plateau, a new norm, and that's 7,000,000 cars a year. Now we have to think in terms of 8,000,000 cars as a banner year."

Budget Chopping. Another place where spending patterns are changing is government. Government spending



RCA'S ANNUAL MEETING
The main force was the action of businessmen.



has risen steadily for decades (29% of all spending in the U.S. is done by government—federal, state or local), and this year it gave its usual hefty support to the economy. But, while state and local spending continues to rise, there are unmistakable signs that the rate at which federal spending has increased is beginning to level off. The leveling off was apparent not only in the appropriations chopping by Congress but in actual purchases, which dropped from \$66.5 billion in the second quarter to \$66.4 billion in the third. In the third quarter, the federal deficit (expenditures over income) was less than half of what it was in the first three months of 1963.

Secretary Robert S. McNamara's Defense Department alone has saved \$1.3 billion, and McNamara promises to shake out inefficiencies among defense suppliers to save another \$200 million in 1964. Such threats have sent a twinge of concern through the nation's \$25 billion defense industry—which is for economy and all that, but depends on fat Government contracts. Over the long term, some companies look for the defense budget to drop 10% to 20%. In anticipation of this cutback, many defense companies have begun to explore where they may bring their defense knowledge to bear on civilian areas. Sperry Rand, for example, has appointed a team to investigate which technical skills and gadgets might be useful to public utilities, transportation companies and other manufacturers.

More Job Seekers. The U.S. economy is now being warned that it cannot rest content merely on surpassing old highs. "New records are not enough in a growing economy," says Walter Heller. Though the G.N.P. is increasing by a

comfortable \$30 billion a year, the real need, argue Heller and other Government planners, is for a \$40 billion to \$50 billion increase if unemployment is to be cut. Though capital investment hit a new record, it was \$10 billion too low to finance the expansion that planners want. Profits, according to this argument, should be closer to \$60 billion instead of at \$51 billion. Industrial production may have jumped 21% in the past three years, but factories are still operating at 87% of capacity—five percentage points overall below their most efficient output level. Happy though he was to see his earlier and gloomier predictions undone, Walter Heller still says of 1963: "It was a year of split-level performances."

He has a point. The most pressing reason for trying to stimulate more growth in the country is unemployment. The economy was healthy enough to create 1,100,000 new jobs this year—about the number of new workers who entered the labor force in 1963—but there were still 4,000,000 unemployed (5.9% of the work force in November). Moreover, manufacturing productivity continued to increase at the vigorous rate of 4% a year for the third year in a row—another way of saying that more is being produced with fewer workers.

This kind of progress, which looks good in an annual report, means that 80% of what business spends for capital equipment goes for more labor-saving devices. Automation often creates new jobs—but it is eliminating old jobs even faster (at a rate of 200,000 a month),

says the Labor Department). Statisticians gloomily assert that every rise of 3% in productivity means that 1,800,000 new jobs must be found for workers who are displaced. Administration economists are still committed to the belief that the best way to lessen unemployment is by stimulating production and consumer buying through a tax cut. With a cut, predicts Heller, "by the end of 1964, I think we will have a good chance of pulling unemployment below 5%."

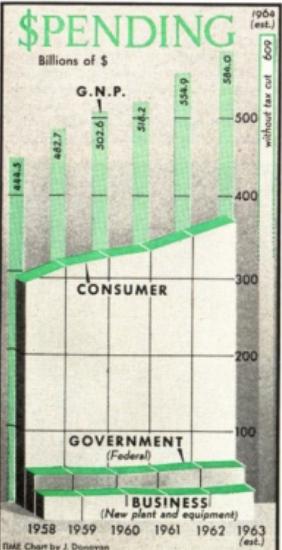
Phantom Cut. Few people are as optimistic as Heller about the benefits of a tax cut. There are those who argue that a level of 5% unemployed has become a structural feature of the U.S. economy. Not even large Government retraining programs to teach new skills will dent the problem, they insist, because nearly half of the jobless are so inadequately schooled that they lack the basic education necessary to build a retraining program around. The world's wealthiest nation has found no way to cope with the fact that some of its citizens have no useful place in today's highly technical industrial society.

Though many businessmen were at first indifferent to Walter Heller's tax cut, most now seem to favor it. "Being against the tax cut is like being against motherhood," says Edwin D. Campbell, executive vice president of Massachusetts' Itek Corp. The Government estimates that a cut would give consumers an extra \$5.9 billion to spend next year. Though that may not amount to much for each household—\$2.30 a week for a married man with a \$6,000 taxable income—economists calculate that the "multiplier effect" would give a substantial boost to the economy. About 60% of the cut would go to families earning less than \$10,000, who usually spend right to the hilt of their income. Corporations would get back \$1.43 billion next year in the first of a two-stage cut that by 1966 would bring industry's tax load down from 52% of gross profits to 48%. Over the next two years, Heller counts on these stimulants to bring about a \$25 billion rise in consumer outlays and a \$5 billion increase in corporate spending.

War Babies. After all the talk about a cut, the business community's consensus in its favor seems based in part on anxiety about what might happen if there were none. Many businessmen have already reckoned the tax bill in making their future estimates. Chairman Charles M. Beegly of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. warns that "if it were lost, I think this would have a serious adverse psychological influence on the economy." No one knows for certain whether Congress will pass the bill, though its prospects are looking up. Tax cut or no, the economy in 1964 promises to continue along 1963's pleasant path—and then some. Says Associate Dean Walter Fackler of the University of Chicago School of Business: "We do not see the usual signs

CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS AT GIMBELS IN MANHATTAN

THE NEW YORK TIMES



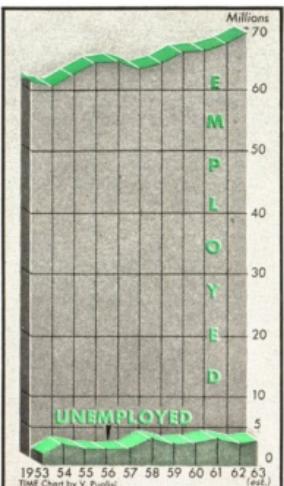
of stress and strain that often characterize the late stages of a boom."

Administration forecasters predict a G.N.P. rise to \$609 billion without a tax cut, claim that a tax cut would mean a rise to \$621 billion. Surveys of business capital spending indicate only a moderate 4% or 5% increase in 1964, but almost all businessmen now consider this far too low, feel that the jump may actually be as much as 10%. "Businessmen act less conservatively than they plan," says Edward Carter, president of Broadway-Hale Stores, the West's biggest department-store chain. One reason for acting less conservatively from now on: the large number of children born during the war are now coming of age. The number of marriages—which has held steadily at 1,500,000 a year for a decade—jumped this year by 100,000, will reach 2,000,000 by 1970. This means that the time is getting close when businessmen will have to expand their facilities to meet the new demand of new households and new babies.

No Wide Eyes. On Wall Street, the stock market took 15 months to recover from its Blue Monday crash. Rebounding quickly from the initial shock of President Kennedy's assassination, it went on to set records. Last week the Dow-Jones industrial average hit a new high of 767.21. The little man is buying stocks again, but there is less wide-eyed speculation, and fewer stock prices are way out of line with earnings than when the market hit its precrash high two years ago. Many Wall Streeters look for stock prices to stay about the same in 1964, or even dip, and some believe that this will be followed by another major bull market beginning in 1965 that could take the Dow-Jones average to an astonishing 1,500.

If the economy continues to expand in 1964, the nation's factories will have to operate closer and closer to capacity. This will be an additional spur to more spending for expansion, and for the first time in years some economists are beginning to be concerned over hints of a new round of inflation. Wholesale prices have remained remarkably stable for six years, reflecting the lack of inflationary wage pressures and the need to hold down prices to meet foreign competition. But despite a generally good record of price holding in 1963, industry in recent weeks has begun to inch its prices up. For 1964, few at the moment look for more than just a gradual rise in prices—noting close to a spiraling inflation. But there are still wage negotiations due next year, and there is some danger that basic raw material prices may move sharply upward. Either condition could touch off price changes that would be felt sharply by the housewife.

Friendly New Man. One crucial factor in the year-end attitude toward 1964 is the confidence that businessmen seem to have in the new man in the White House. So far, President Johnson has won a reception from businessmen that is cordial beyond anything lately ex-



perienced by a Democratic President. In homey speeches to them at White House meetings and in personal phone calls to such executives as A. T. & T. Chairman Frederick R. Kappel and New York Stock Exchange President Keith Funston, Johnson has appeared a friendly, conservative Chief Executive who understands business. It is not unusual to hear from businessmen comments such as those of Borg-Warner Vice President Judson Sayre: "You get sold on Johnson. If he conducts himself with not too many blunders between now and November, I'd vote for him—and I've never voted for a Democrat in my life."

All this friendliness could change sharply when Johnson begins making decisions closely affecting business. In the next month, he must make appointments to federal agencies that will decide whether the ICC takes a hard or soft line toward rail mergers and whether the Federal Reserve Board might swing toward a monetary policy of easier credit. He is expected to offer a bill soon that will return high price supports to wheat farmers, and as the touchy railroad labor negotiations begin in February, he will have to indicate whether in an election year he will continue the Kennedy Administration's attempt to hold increases in labor costs down to noninflationary levels.

If Heller continues to have his say, President Johnson's basic concern will be over how the U.S. economy can quicken its growth. The conventional answer is that more exciting new products must be found to spark consumer demand and to start up new industries. In the opinion of Simon Ramo, vice chairman of space-age Thompson Ramo Wooldridge, "we do not have that kind of rapid, exciting growth in



U.S. STEELWORKERS CHANGING SHIFTS
New records are not enough.

new products for civilian use that our scientific base would lead us to expect."

Chicago Discourser Sol Polk puts it more bluntly: "We've got to have more things that someone can have first on his block." He wants to turn the home inside out with new products. "I'm angry with kitchens," says he. "Once you fix them, you can't change them." Polk would like kitchen equipment to be as movable as living-room furniture, wants pool-sized bathtubs for the whole family, electronic-memory bathroom scales, home steam rooms, and laundry equipment that will wash, dry and fold a towel in seconds.

There are plenty of other openings for products that are either being neglected, insufficiently developed or overpriced: low-cost color TV and air conditioners, cheap farm machinery and gasoline engines for new nations, and fresh ideas in urban mass transportation. General Electric Economist Nelson Foote believes that one of the nation's basic needs is to keep the suburbs growing because of the vast number of products that new homes can absorb. The trick, he thinks, is to develop a good, low-priced house, and to create job opportunities for working wives outside cities.

Equilibrium. These are some of the problems and challenges of an economy that on the surface produced in 1963 just the kind of balanced year that economists have been trying to order up. The steady growth brought no dangerous excesses that might overturn things and cause a recession. The economy seemed in healthy equilibrium, and no one foresaw the immediate end of the recovery. It remains for 1964 to demonstrate whether the economy has the drive not only to break more records but to achieve that extra something that it also needs. The time seems to be at hand for the U.S. economy, like the consumer, to do some trading up.

WORLD BUSINESS

COMMON MARKET

Seeds of Agreement

Outside, the Brussels streets were enlivened by gay Christmas lighting and the trudge of desperate last-minute shoppers. Inside, just as desperate, 20 Cabinet ministers from six nations gathered in the boxy Palais des Congrès to try to reach agreement on Common Market farm policies and prices by year's end—or face the threat of Charles de Gaulle to break up the Market. So intricate did their discussions become that the question was who needed the most blackboards to diagram his proposals. At week's end delegates seemed satisfied that important progress had been made. Said Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak gamely: "There will be no breakup of the Common Market."

Toward Compromise. Each minister was mindful of the men whose needs—and whose votes—he had to consider: Europe's stubborn, stolid farmers. Germany's farmers are high-cost operators. They still mostly use horse-drawn power and till tiny, tired plots that have been handed down and subdivided over the generations. Bonn's farm-strong Christian Democratic Party insists on protecting them with some of the world's steepest subsidies and tariffs. France, which has half of the Common Market's arable land and its largest and most efficient farms, wants to eliminate all of the Market's internal barriers to agricultural trade so that France can increase farm exports and reduce its own heavily subsidized farm surplus. Germany is cool to the idea.

As the pre-holiday week went on, the mood swung between exhilaration and gloom. Having threatened to torpedo the Common Market, Charles de Gaulle kept up the pressure by telling a visitor: "After all, we could always be a large Switzerland"—a reference to the separate path that France could take. But the spur of a deadline and the ministers' eagerness to get home in time for a peaceful Christmas produced some compromises in Brussels.

The Common Marketeers all but finished hammering out a complex formula under which Germany would agree to common prices and policies covering beef, rice and dairy products. In return, the French were expected to support lower Common Market industrial tariffs. Germany wants to reduce these tariffs so that the Market will have a stronger bargaining position in the upcoming "Kennedy Round" of negotiations with the U.S., through which the Germans hope to be able to increase their industrial exports. The ministers must also thresh out policies covering wheat and other grains. But De Gaulle's ultimatum, it turned out when the fine print was read, applied only to beef, rice and dairy products. Belgium's Spaak introduced a pacifying proposal to put the grain problem off until early next year.

Penalties of Failure. There was still a possibility that the negotiations could collapse and that De Gaulle would bring down the whole Common Market. But failure this time would mean that France would lose the chance to become the Market's breadbasket, that Germany would lose the opportunity to

expand its industrial exports, and that the U.S.'s postwar policy goal of establishing a united, free-trading Europe would be crushed. The best grounds for optimism is that failure would cost everyone—including France—so dearly.

ITALY

Using His Head

When Italy's Pietro Nenni was asked last year what price he demanded in return for supporting a center-left coalition government, the old Socialist leader growled: "The head of Giorgio Valerio." The head belongs to the aristocratic managing director of Società Edison, then Italy's largest public utility holding company. Nenni got his price—the country's power industry was nationalized—but Giorgio Valerio kept his head, and is busy proving that he knows very well how to use it.

Corporate Shells. When Edison surrendered its last power companies to the government in July, many Italians assumed that the 80-year-old parent company would go out of business. But Edison, long connected in the public mind only with power, had quietly expanded since the war into textiles and chemicals. Under the nationalization order, the former power companies were left as corporate shells, and the government promised to pay \$725 million to their shareholders during the next ten years. Valerio spied an opportunity: he merged these shells into a new operating company so that the \$725 million indemnity could be used for building up a company rather than simply for liquidating the old ones.

As Valerio explained to shareholders last week, he has taken the three biggest power companies and merged them with 13 other Edison-controlled firms, ranging from farm-machinery makers to chemical producers, to form a diversified industrial empire. Its initial capital base is Italy's biggest—\$485 million—and Valerio intends to increase it to \$705 million within five years.

Valerio's new company is already building a plant near Caserta to produce new building materials developed in Russia and another in Salerno to make aluminum products. Valerio has set up a division to manufacture calculating machines, linked an Edison oil outfit to a U.S. drilling company, and bought a slice of a big Italian pasta maker. But Edison's main thrust will probably be into chemicals, which form the largest base of the new combine.

New Confidence. For tall, aloof Giorgio Valerio, son of an Italian steelman and a wealthy white Russian, Edison's rebirth was a proud moment after months of anxiety during the nationalization crisis. His victory gave a lift to the Milan exchange, which has been dormant for months; it also heartened Italy's nervous businessmen, who have

ALBRECHT BRUGGEN
SUBDIVIDED GERMAN FARM FIELDS NEAR NEUBURG
Failure would cost everyone so much.



MORDECHAI STERN



28-STORY TEL AVIV SKYSCRAPER

Lessons from the book of progress.

been deeply depressed ever since last year's leftist turn in politics. Crowed one Italian industrialist: "They could nationalize electricity, but they couldn't nationalize Valerio."

ISRAEL

The Reach of Rassco

Old Nazareth has hardly changed since the days when the young Christ walked its streets—the hard-pressed Nazarenes subsist, as their forebears did, by tending tiny shops or grazing sheep on the windswept hills. But above the Biblical old town sits a new Nazareth, settled by 8,000 Jews who take their economic lessons from the Book of Progress. The new town boasts a textile mill, chocolate-processing plant, 750-seat movie theater and 48-store shopping center. Being built is an 80-unit housing development whose windows overlook Mount Tabor, the site of Christ's Transfiguration, and nearby Cana, the scene of his first miracle. The new Nazareth is the work of Rassco, a broad-ranging corporation that has become Israel's largest private employer.

Six-Language Sales Talk. Rassco (for Rural & Suburban Settlement Co. Ltd.) was originally set up 30 years ago by the World Zionist Organization to lay out and stock farm communities for middle-class German Jewish refugees. But as Israel gradually became agriculturally self-sufficient, Rassco's horizons widened. The company still raises sheep in Samson's Ashkelon, and cattle on the plains of Maresha where Joshua's army marched. But through a string of 52 subsidiaries and affiliates, Rassco is now involved in citrus groves, organic fertilizer, dairies, Bible publishing, diamond polishing, supermarkets, North Atlantic fishing boats, hotels and high-rise apartments. In 65 Israel communities,

93 Rassco building projects are underway; the biggest is a 28-story skyscraper in Tel Aviv. Altogether, on a gross turnover of \$60 million last year, Rassco made a profit of \$1,000,000. The parent company paid dividends of 10%.

Such a return, coupled with Rassco's diversification and Israel's improving trade balance, have made Rassco an attractive investment outside Israel. Managing Director Mordechai Stern, 49, a scholarly onetime Viennese medical student who speaks six languages, divides his time between pushing projects and pulling in foreign capital through nine overseas offices. Rassco has 10,000 investors in 25 countries, but of the \$12 million they poured in this year, 75% came from the U.S. "They are doing something good for the country," says Stern fondly of his alien investors (now 60% of Rassco's shareholders), "while knowing that their money is safe."

Tourists for Sodom. Many outsiders who begin as shareholders eventually move into actual property ownership by buying a Rassco enterprise and letting Rassco manage it for a fee. Nazareth's new buildings, for example, are largely owned by Memphis, Tenn., investors. With Rassco, several British millionaires, including Sir Isaac Wolfson and Charles Clore, jointly own G.U.S.-Rassco Ltd., a company affiliate that sets up small industries. Stern is happy to sell off enterprises quickly; sales give foreign investors material and emotional ties to Israel and, more importantly in a capital-short nation, provide funds for further enterprises. Already, although the Tel Aviv skyscraper is only 50% complete, Stern has sold off practically all Rassco's interest in it to Britain's Wolfson Clore Mayer Corp. Now he is planning a tourist center at Tiberias and a resort hotel beside the natural springs of Sodom.

DAVID RUBINGER

MILESTONES

Born. To Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, 25, son of Spanish Pretender Don Juan; and Princess Sophie, 25, eldest daughter of Greece's King Paul and Queen Frederika; their first child, a daughter; in Madrid.

Married. John Frankenheimer, 33, TV and movie director (*The Manchurian Candidate*); and Evans Evans, 28, Broadway and Hollywood starlet; he for the third time; in Paris.

Divorced. By Sybil Williams Burton, 36; Richard Burton, 38; after 15 years of marriage, two children; on grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment and abandonment; in Jalisco State, Mexico (see *THE LAW*).

Divorced. Kurt Herbert Adler, 58, dynamic Vienna-born director of the first-rank San Francisco Opera; by Diana Warfel Adler, 46; after 23 years of marriage, two children; on grounds of extreme cruelty; in Reno.

Died. Michael Della Rocca, 62, the Long Island shoemaker who answered *The \$64,000 Question* on CBS-TV in 1956 (a 14-part question involving Wagner premieres, Caruso's teachers and a 1908 performance of *Aida*), was never involved in subsequent scandals, spent much of his prize bankrolling his hobby, amateur opera performances; of cancer; in Baldwin, N.Y.

Died. Theodore Virgil Houser, 71, former (1954-58) chairman of Sears, Roebuck & Co., described by his friend and onetime Sears boss, General Robert E. Wood, as the "greatest master of mass merchandising in the U.S.;" of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Princess Marguerite Caetani, 83, founder and patroness of the Italian literary magazine *Botteghe Oscure*, a wealthy Connecticut Yankee who wed the scion of an 800-year-old Roman family in 1911, provided a forum for both famed and struggling writers, among them Eliot, Gide, Camus and E. E. Cummings; in Latina, Italy.

Died. Irénée du Pont, 86, one of the world's wealthiest men (estimated empire: \$400 million), longtime president and vice chairman (1919-40) of E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., world's largest chemicals company, a great-grandson of the founder, who with his late brothers, Pierre S. and Lammot, presided over the company's expansion during and after World War I from munitions manufacturing into paints, plastics, rayon and cellophane, plus a 23% stock interest in General Motors, worth some \$3 billion when federal trustbusters finally forced divestiture last year; after a long illness; in Wilmington, Del.



EMMA HARDY
A bitter antidote.

The Unhappy Idyl

'DEAREST EMMIE' by Carl J. Weber.
111 pages. St Martin's Press. \$5.

The tragedy of Emma Lavinia Gifford, as she repeated confided to her diary, was that she married a man beneath her. He was a writer of sorts, but so was she; and when callers such as Ford Madox Ford and Sir Edmund Gosse dropped around, she was fond of pulling out her poems and rattling off lines like these:

*There's a song of a bird in a tree,
A song that is fresh, gay, and free,
The voice of a last summer's thrush,
Shaking out his trills—hush! hush!*

On such occasions, a visitor once recalled, Emma's husband would sit in a corner listening without comment and with a "rather wry smile" on his face.

Emma was married to Thomas Hardy for 38 years.* Her style as a literary wife is suggested by the remark she made about the admiring ladies who thronged about her husband in London after he became famous: "They are the poison," said Emma complacently. "I am the antidote." Emma never let Hardy forget that his literary reputation was vastly inflated, and after she failed to talk him out of publishing that "vicious" novel *Jude the Obscure*, she lost virtually all interest in her husband's writings. But at the same time her interest in her own innocuous poems continued to grow.

Frightened Man. Emma was the daughter of a small town lawyer who, by her own testimony, had provided her with "exquisite home-training and refinement." Poor Hardy was born the son of a mason. Soon after their marriage she was belittling her husband in public; Robert Louis Stevenson's

* Somerset Maugham has repeatedly—and plausibly—denied that he was attempting a portrait of their marriage in *Cakes and Ale*. Maugham's wimpernared Rosie bears no resemblance to Emma, and her aging novelist-husband only sketchily resembles Hardy.

BOOKS

wife remembered Hardy as "a pale, gentle, frightened little man that one felt an instinctive tenderness for, with a wife—ugly is no word for it!" While Hardy suffered his fright in silence, Emma kept score of her numerous grievances against him in a notebook titled "What I Thought of My Husband"; Hardy himself discovered it as he was going through his wife's effects after her death and found it so appalling that he threw it in the fire.

Just what Hardy really thought of Emma nobody knows. His letters to her, here published for the first time, are brisk, brief, clear, and concerned with those few topics Hardy could discuss with his wife without getting into an argument—the weather, wedding receptions and funerals, train schedules and cats (Emma kept a houseful). Most of the letters were written from London, where Hardy went periodically on literary business, and addressed to Emma at the country home Hardy had built in Dorsetshire.

The tone is unfailingly pedestrian. When he misses his appointed train, Hardy dutifully writes to explain his absence, as on Oct. 12, 1892: "I have attended Tennyson's funeral—and find I cannot get back very well tonight—so I will wait till tomorrow—returning to the usual time—though possibly by the Salisbury train, about twenty minutes later than the 6:13. George Meredith was there—also Henry James, Huxley, etc." When Hardy becomes more solicitous, it is almost always to forestall a visit by his wife: "Though I should like to see you in London I feel, to tell the truth, rather anxious about your venturing up here. The hotel is so very noisy just now, and the heat so great, that I fear you will be prostrated."

Death on Contact. Yet the letters, without intending to, reveal things about the unhappy marriage. The tone becomes more strained, and "My dearest" gives way to "My dear" in 1893, following Hardy's meeting with the young Mrs. Arthur Hennekin, who made the aging Hardy feel, in his own phrase, "a time-torn man" and came close to rupturing his marriage. The letters are full of mild, passing references to Emma's erratic behavior—her abrupt cancellation of a garden party without informing the guests, her abrupt departure for Calais without informing her husband. And continually there is apparently a kind of dreary obeisance to Emma's perpetual pains—her lame knee and sprained ankle, chills and influenza, shingles and failing eyesight. A reader can easily sympathize with a wry line in her husband's notebook: "Love lives on propinquity, but dies of contact."

What the letters do not suggest—and what Hardy himself apparently did not



THOMAS HARDY
A time-torn man.

entirely understand—was the surprising flood of grief he felt when his wife died. For the last 16 years of his life he poured out poems to the memory of an ideal marriage that could scarcely have existed.

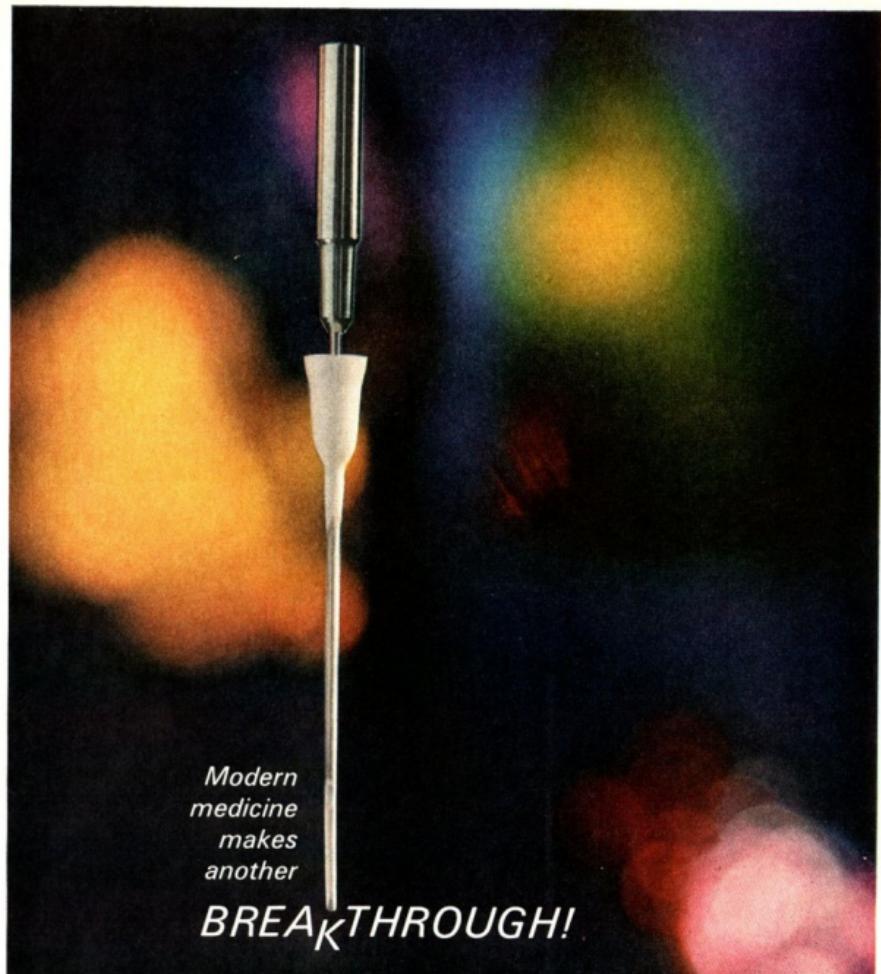
Montaigne with a Brogue

MR. DOOLEY REMEMBERS—THE INFORMAL MEMOIRS OF FINLEY PETER DUNNE—edited by Philip Dunne. 307 pages. Little, Brown. \$5.95.

If U.S. bartenders love to sound off on politics, the blame can be put squarely on Mr. Dooley. It has been more than 30 years since this genial bartender with the rich Irish brogue dispensed his political wisdom in the nation's newspapers, but it still has a round, rich taste. In those days, Mr. Dooley was called the "wit and censor of the nation"; and his creator, that hard-drinking, fun-loving Chicago newspaperman, Finley Peter Dunne was the best political satirist the U.S. has ever produced.

The turn-of-the-century U.S. was ripe for satire, and Dunne missed few opportunities. The U.S. had developed imperial pretensions. There were "robber barons" and muckrakers, Prohibitionists and faith healers. Mr. Dooley matched wits with the mighty, and he usually put them down. One of the mightiest was Theodore Roosevelt, whose name Mr. Dooley always managed to mispronounce. "Whin Thaydore Rosenfelt kisses a baby," Mr. Dooley told his pal Hinissy, "thousands iv motherrs in all corners of th' land hear th' report an' th' baby knows it's been kissed an' bears th' hon'able scar through life. Twenty years fr'm now th' country will be full iv young fellows lookin' as though they'd gratajed fr'm a German college."

Dunne's satire was a gentle nudge in the ribs, not a body blow. "Rayformers is in favor iv suppressin' ivrything," Mr. Dooley once said, "but rale politicians believes in suppressin' nawthin' but evidence." A favorite Dooley target was



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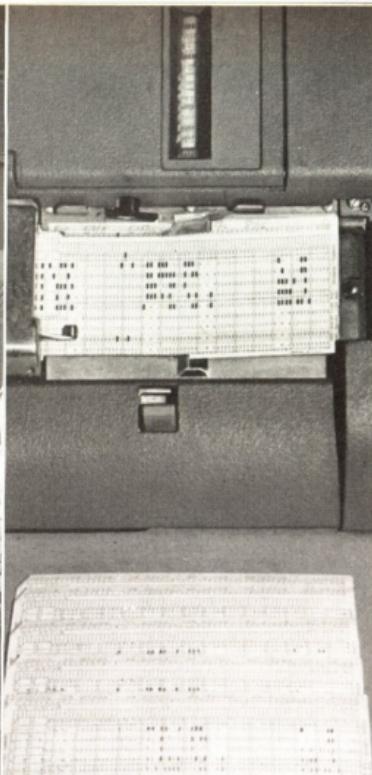
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Illustrated is the Koehn catheter needle made by Becton, Dickinson and Company, Rutherford, N.J. Available early in 1964.

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John D. Rockefeller: "He looks after his own money an' th' money iv other people. He takes it and puts it where it won't hurt them an' they won't spoil it. He's a kind iv society f'r th' preventiv iv croolty to money." Mr. Dooley deplored the jingoism of the Spanish-American War: "Whin we plant what Hogan calls th' starry banner iv freedom in th' Philippines an' give th' sacred bleschin' of liberty to th' poor, downtrodden people iv them unfortunate aisles—dam thim—we'll larn them a lesson. We can't give ye anny votes because we haven't more thin enough to go around now, but we'll threat ye th' way a father shud threat his children if we have to break ivy bone in ye'r bodies. So come to our arms, says we."

Down on *Gin* & *Joyce*. By the time Dunne got around to writing his memoirs in 1935 (published now by his son), he had given up Mr. Dooley, and his humor had soured somewhat. He wrote his memoirs in plain cantankerous English; there was less Irish charm and more Irish temper. To begin with, Dunne felt ill at ease writing about himself without Mr. Dooley as a shield: "Disrobing in public is not to my taste. There are intellectual and spiritual pundas as well as physical. The more clothes I put on, the better I look. I plead guilty to preferring port and Montaigne to gin and Joyce or crème de cacao and André Gide."

Dunne still wrote warmly of Teddy Roosevelt, Mark Twain and the Irish patriot Michael Collins, but he was harder on his enemies. When Nicholas Murray Butler joshed him about his weight, Dunne snapped: "Yes, my fat goes under my belt, but yours goes under your hat." At the 1916 Republican Convention, writes Dunne, "Henry Cabot Lodge would have given an eye for the nomination. Or perhaps that is going too far. Let us say he would have sacrificed his dearest friend for the honor."

Dunne loathed no one more than

CULVER PICTURES



FINLEY PETER DUNNE

And still a round, rich taste.

H. G. Wells, who belonged, he said, to the "Take-It-Aisy School of Socialism." With great fanfare, writes Dunne, Wells once met the taciturn, cynical Lenin with his yellow skin drawn like parchment over his high cheekbones, his little restless eyes, his great bald head looking as if it might have been hewn out of yellow pine with an adze. And here was little Wells, earnest, honest, conceited, describing in his falsetto voice the British conception of a Socialist Utopia of semi-detached villas with a pot of geraniums in each window. When the interview ended and our hero strutted out, Lenin gave one of his arid chuckles and said to Trotsky: "Ah, the little bourgeois; ah, the little bourgeois!" That was all."

Conversion to Capitalism. While he was writing Mr. Dooley, Dunne had been the scourge of Wall Street and all its "malefactors of great wealth." But when fame came his way, Dunne preferred the company of Wall Streeters. When he managed to go broke at the height of the bull market in the 1920s, his well-placed friends bailed him out, and one left him a legacy of half a million. In his memoirs, Dunne describes how he pushed Harding for the presidency for no better reason than that he looked like a President and had a noble handshake.

But Dunne deserves to be remembered for his more lighthearted days, when not even Montaigne was Mr. Dooley's master: "Thrust ivybody but cut th' ca-ards." "A vote on th' tallysheet is worth two in th' box." "Most vigatarians I ever see looked enough like their food to be classed as cannibals."

A Critic's Choice

THE VENETIAN AFFAIR by Helen MacInnes. 405 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$5.95.

There are moments in *The Venetian Affair* when the Piazza di San Marco teems with so many international cads and American gumshoes that there is hardly room for the tourists and the pigeons. But who cares? The movements of any first-rate thriller are as measured and predictable as the steps of a quadrille. Half the fun is knowing what is bound to happen next.

Affair begins, for instance, with a New York drama critic on a summer jaunt to Europe. As if by magic, Paris customs men switch his raincoat for one belonging to another tourist. The critic finds its lining contains ten—count 'em—ten \$10,000 bills. To no one's surprise, the critic turns out to be a former foreign correspondent who can order breakfast in at least six foreign languages and—what else?—a sometime OSS man in World War II. In no time at all he is up to his tweed lapels in a fell and fancy plot to blame the U.S. for bribing some Frenchmen to kill General Charles de Gaulle. Could this chicanery be anything less than the last and most dastardly doing of a case-



HELEN MACINNES

The fun is knowing where it's going.

hardened Commie villain called Alexei Vassilievitch Kalganov? It could not. Could anything be more cheerful than our hero's first assignment—a journey to Venice on the Simplon Express with a beautiful blonde, posing as her lover?

In a year drearily short of good novels, a skillful handling of these gongs—on has made Helen MacInnes' book a runaway bestseller. Author MacInnes also clearly deserves some sort of votive offering from the Central Intelligence Agency. *The Venetian Affair*, in fact, is likely to do more for the CIA's image than a dozen apologies by Allen Dulles. Take the CIA man who tries to enlist the reluctant critic in the international struggle.

The critic affects the intellectual-detachment ploy. "How many political systems have come and gone since Sophocles wrote his plays?" he asks with the air of a man asking the unanswerable question. Far from swallowing his traditional cigar in chagrin, the CIA man briskly points out that only seven of Sophocles' 100 plays still exist. The rest were destroyed by the forces of war and political rivalry. With irrefutable logic, he finally gets the uncommitted aesthete to agree that "art is long—provided the barbarians don't get their hands on it." The guy can shoot too.

For Whom Bell Charges Tolls

THIS COMPANY OF MEN by William Pearson. 371 pages. St Martin's. \$5.95.

"Call me Herodotus," cries Virtue Smith, the narrator of this nobly titled novel, *This Company of Men*. Something noble certainly should be in the bulky text. All, however, is irony, and "Herodotus" is actually dealing with "the civilization of the Corporation Man . . . the creature struggling in a snowstorm of trivia."

In other words, William Pearson, a Denver lawyer turned novelist, has undertaken to write another insider's story



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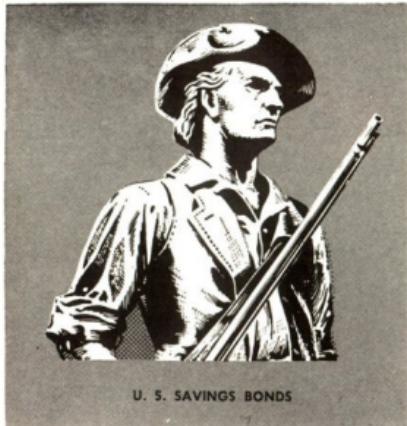
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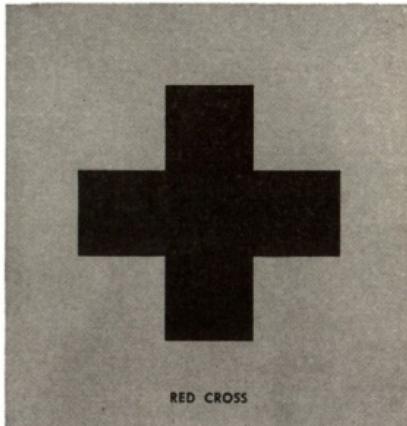
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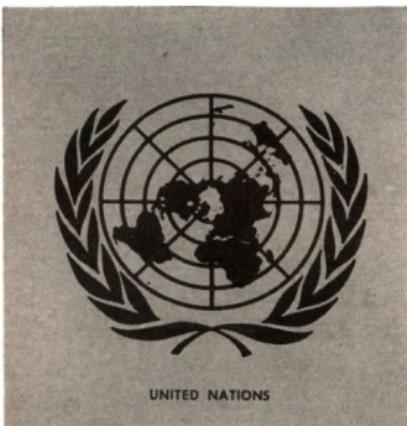
For certainly this is a time when every American should re-dedicate himself to the task of making this a still better country.



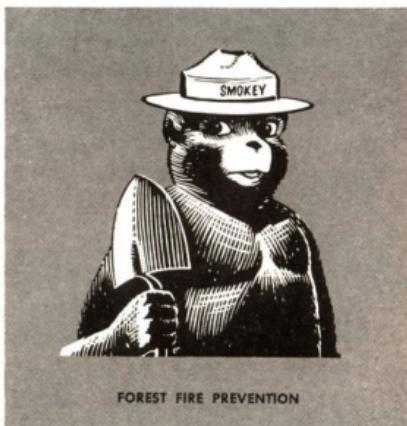
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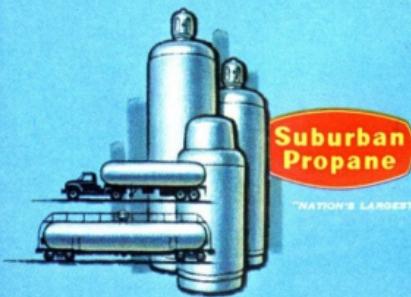
of a great U.S. corporation—in this case, the Consolidated Bell Company in the fictional town of Rowton (pop. 1,000,000). Pearson never actually worked for such a company but observed a counterpart at close quarters when his Denver law firm had dealings from time to time with the local telephone company.

Fatal Flaw. Such a novel, if it is to be any good, must be a study in the nature of power and the behavior of those who seek it. Shakespeare set his great stage on this theme, but otherwise things have sadly changed. Uneasy still lies the head that wears a crown—the \$80,000-a-year presidency. Nobody tells old President Edwards, due for mandatory retirement, anything he does not want to hear. He is even provided with the tragic flaw of the Shakespearean hero. He likes to pinch women's gloves from dime-store counters and file them away in his great big desk. It is a pretty harmless foible, but if this were known, what would it do to the "Company Image"? Two extraverted corporate types are rivals for his ballpoint-pen scepter, but although the telephone company can command more men than Henry V could put in the field at Harfleur, this is a conflict of clowns rather than kings. As in Shakespeare's day, the faithful friend—Mercutio, Horatio or Mark Antony—is in short supply, but Polonius, prototype of the company man, seems to have proliferated.

Pearson's problem is that the telephone company's image is well-nigh perfect. Its charges are known to be just, equitable and, in any case, virtually uncontested; its poles are tall as trees and much neater; its only enemies are unenlightened woodpeckers, public service commissions, and the parents of teen-agers. How satirize such perfection? Pearson does his best by suggesting that company executives are only human when trapped behind filing cabinets with neurotic secretaries, but this is squalid stuff. (How little adultery there was in Shakespeare!)

Saving the Image. Finally, Pearson resorts to farce; he gets a subscriber's cat up a corporate pole. To lend a note of modish company and public policy to this event, the cat's owner is a woman of color who alleges discrimination in the company's indifference to her poled pet. Before this cat is rescued, corporate structure has changed, old Edwards is as mad as Lear, two linesmen have been killed, a small boy damaged, but the company image is saved.

Pearson's thoroughly enjoyable novel is written with the vulgar high spirits of a man who is under no sort of illusion that he is either rendering a public service or creating a work of art. Virtue Smith is a memorable invention. He has devised a way of life for himself that he calls "daylighting." He does Bell's work in two hours; the other six sit happily at his desk compiling an encyclopedic diary of the company at work.



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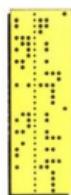
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